

# NEW MASSES

1931  
NOVEMBER

15¢



Boyle



THE  
BIG  
EVENT  
OF THE  
YEAR

**DEBATE** Sunday December 13

Joint Auspices of New Masses  
And the Brooklyn Forum

MICHAEL GOLD for  
**COMMUNISM**  
HEYWOOD BROWN for  
**SOCIALISM**

At the BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC  
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Sunday Evening

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Your Costume  
NOW for the

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we are prepared. Two halls will be open,  
two orchestras will supply continuous music,  
—and we invite every two readers and  
every two friends of New Masses.

NEW MASSES BALL TICKETS  
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**SUNDAY - 13 - December - 4 - FRIDAY**

Tickets On Sale Now—All Seats Reserved

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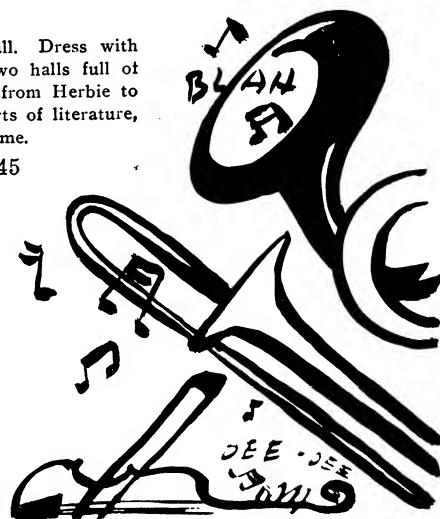
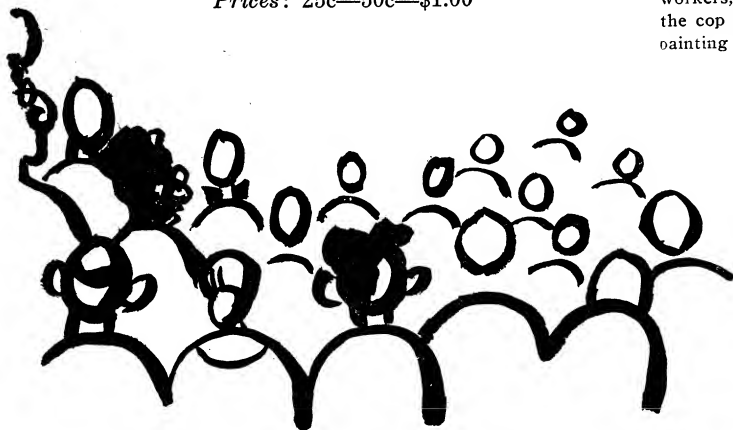
Come In Costume—to the New Masses Ball. Dress with  
good proletarian imagination. Let's have two halls full of  
workers,—caricatures of our noble bourgeois from Herbie to  
the cop on the corner—and give the noble arts of literature,  
painting and poetry a break. Come in Costume.

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for Dance & Debate  
At the New Masses, 63 W. 15 St.  
Workers Bookshop, 50 E. 13 St.,  
and many other centers.

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Drawn by Jacob Burck

# NEW MASSES

1910—Sixth Year of the New Masses -- 1926 -- Twenty First Year of the Masses—1931

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## FOURTEEN YEARS

On November seventh the class-conscious workers of the world will celebrate the fourteenth anniversary of the October Revolution. Fourteen years may be but a day in the eyes of history; but events have moved at such a swift pace that entire epochs have been leaped over in this short time. The ten days that shook the world were preludes to storms that have swept the whole of humanity. There is no country and no social class but has felt the effects of the Bolshevik upheaval.

The days of armed intervention, counter-revolution, blockades and violent propaganda against Soviet Russia now appear remote. Those were the days when the bourgeoisie of the world spread the most fantastic lies about the Revolution and ridiculed it—but they took no chances. The Bolsheviks were idle dreamers; they could not last six months; they were monsters destroying civilization; they were German agents; they massacred the flower of the Russian people; they nationalized women. Therefore, they were the legitimate objects of a "holy war." The money bags of the world—with the unctuous moral support of the church and the bourgeois intelligentsia—armed and subsidized the unspeakable atrocities of the Wrangels, the Denikins, the Kolchaks. The imperialists who butchered ten million men and crippled another ten million, for the sake of their private fortunes and class interests, now pose as the saviours of humanity against the terror of the proletarian dictatorship.

But history marched over the heads of the bankers and industrialists. The Bolsheviks lasted despite famine, despite the uniformed gangsters of the counter-revolution, despite blockade, boycotts and armed intervention.

The fourteenth anniversary of the October Revolution witnesses the Soviet Union steadily building the foundations of socialist society. Its astounding economic progress, political stability, and new social order increasingly alarm the capitalists not by their excess but by their success. The bourgeoisie which for years attempted to obscure the development of the Soviet Union by the smoke screen of propaganda, is now rushing to Moscow to learn the secrets of its success in a few weeks. In every country there are bourgeois economists crying for capitalist planning. There is a widespread desire to "take communism away from the communists." The bourgeoisie want to eat their cake and have it; to achieve a stable economic order while retaining the rotten basis of the capitalist order. This desperate desire has been intensified by the dramatic contrast between the rapid advance of the Soviet Union and the rapid decline of capitalism. The masses of the workers and farmers living under the private property system now feel the full effects of that "democracy and civilization" which they were deluded into defending. They begin to realize that rugged individualism in theory is ragged individualism in fact.

The capitalist system is anarchic; it is based on the robbery and exploitation of the workers and farmers, on imperialist chicanery and war; its outworn mode of production rend society into antagonistic classes. It is corrupt with force and fraud from top to bottom. This system now faces the inevitable consequences of its inability to meet the basic needs of society. It is passing through the worst economic crisis in its history. With the finest technical equipment at its disposal, capitalism suffers from a tremendous drop in production. About thirty million unemployed workers are tramping the streets for jobs and waiting in bread-lines. Commodity prices have slumped below pre-war levels. The catastrophic decline in prices of wheat, cotton, sugar, rubber and similar commodities has completely disrupted agricultural production. While the people go without bread and shoes, capitalist governments seek to "relieve" the depression by urging the destruction of "surplus" goods. Quack remedies of all kinds are proposed for salvaging capitalism—but the only real action taken has been against the working class. The workers, who pay for the prosperity of the capitalists, now bear the brunt of the crisis. Demands for work or wages are met with clubs and rifles. Strikers are murdered. Workers publications are suppressed and workers meetings dispersed by violence. And while the bourgeois governments stage fake conferences and make futile investigations, the industrialists increase working-hours and slash wages. This attack on the "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" is carried on by the capitalists not only against the workers and farmers of their "own" countries, but against the colonial and semi-colonial peoples. Not from pamphlets or from the speeches of "foreign" agitators, but from their own bitter experience have the masses begun to see that capitalism has nothing to offer them but starvation, unemployment and terror. Any worker or honest intellectual who surveys capitalist society today cannot help seeing that it is based on chaos, on forced labor and forced idleness. Its rulers, regardless of their individual brilliance, are incapable of finding any solution for the economic terror that holds the world in its iron grip.

Clutching their bank accounts and coupons to their breasts, the governing classes of America and other capitalist countries, take refuge behind the clubs of their police, the machine guns of their militia, the lies of their press, the pious hokum of their churches, the hocus-pocus of their intellectuals, and the smoke screen of their servile social-democratic parties.

In sharp contrast to the chaos and terror of the capitalist system, the Soviet Union is advancing at an unprecedented and accelerated rate. It has no unemployment; indeed, it faces a shortage of labor; there is a tremendous amount of industrial



"LOOK, YOU BOOB . . ." says Bernard Shaw.

William Gropper

construction; agriculture is being collectivized on a scientific basis, the hours of labor have been reduced; wages have been steadily increasing; living standards have risen; the productivity of labor has grown; a permanent solution for the business cycle has been found and a technical base for socialized economy has been created. Above all the masses of the Russian population have experienced a great cultural awakening. Slaves have been transformed into men who are masters of their own lives.

The bourgeoisie of the world has carefully studied these results and sought to learn something from them. Once Soviet Russia stood for the nationalization of women, today it stands for economic planning. The phrase "economic planning" has become a magic formula with which the medicine-men of capitalist society seek to exorcise the spectre of chaos. Businessmen and economists have rushed forward with capitalist five-year plans, ten-year plans and twenty-year plans.

What is the value of "plans" which cannot take into account the basic factors of the present crisis?

There are two external factors which must not be evaded. First: the economic processes of capitalism are uncoordinated. Second: There is no balance between the rate of production and the purchasing power of the masses. These are inherent in the capitalist mode of production. They are the result of private property, the division of society into warring economic classes, and the existence of a class state which protects the interests of private property. The domination of merchant and industrial capital by finance capital in recent decades has intensified these contradictions which are now world-wide. Under such conditions, capitalist economic planning is impossible.

Bourgeois economists have proposed two types of plans. One type is "voluntary" planning. Its main purpose is to remove existing restrictions against trusts and mergers. It proposes the formation of planning and coordinating boards for the various industries as well as a central control board which could coordinate all industry. This scheme would only strengthen the position of the big corporations and increase the pressure against workers and farmers. It would not abolish the struggle of the mammoth competing groups, the under-consumption of the masses, stock speculation, or the imperialist raids of capital. It would not even avert crises. Germany is a good example of the fact that more and more trustification and cartelization is no cure for economic crises.

The second type of capitalist planning is based on class-collaboration. Such a scheme proposes a partial "restriction" of the rights of private property, the "regulation" of prices and profits, a fixed standard of living, the introduction of "annual"

wages, the partial "control" of capital issues, and so on. Such results are to be accomplished through planning boards, consisting of employers, employees and scientific specialists. These bodies are to have the right to investigate and "control" economic processes.

This type of scheme is doomed to failure. Capitalism can only survive if the hundreds of thousands of capitalists automatically cooperate; or if a single directing and coordinating body is set up with the rights of control and direction of the whole of national economy. Such an arrangement cannot succeed because there would be constant conflict among, and sabotage by the competing capitalists. There would be no national and unified control of resources and production. Disagreements and struggles would break out among the various social groups in the planning bodies. Even if such a proposal were given formal and schematic shape, a struggle would arise within the shell of the scheme. The competing monopolist groups would seek to use the scheme only as a means of strengthening their own position and influence in national economy.

A planned and rational control over society's economic processes can be achieved only in a socialist state in which society as a whole owns the means of production where production is carried on for the purpose of satisfying the needs of society and

the upkeep and development of the social apparatus of production; in a socialist state the administrators of industry must be socially homogeneous; they must be guided by a common idea, will and aim, which must serve public and not private interests. For effective social planning, the old type of boss must be replaced by a different social type, with a different social education, different habits and ideas. Only the proletariat can meet these requirements. In a socialist scheme the whole of national economy becomes one huge enterprise; all the processes of production are controlled and directed by a consciously determined plan. The aim of socialist planning is to obtain the greatest possible economic results with the least possible expenditures. This does not mean that wages are cut to the minimum market price, as they are under capitalism. Instead, wages are fixed, allowances being made for differences in skill, the individual productivity of labor and the duration and arduousness of the work. Production is increased by the prohibition of commodities which public opinion regards as harmful and by the development of latent productive forces through such forms as the "shock brigades" and "socialist competition," and the rationalization of industry on a national scale. At the same time the real demands of the masses are liberated from their capitalist restrictions, so that there is always a preponderance of demand over supply. Increased demand and increased productivity act and react upon each other, so that both the curve of demand and the curve of production mount steadily higher.

The concrete premises for a social economic plan must include the following:

The means of production and distribution must be socialized; land, natural resources, industrial enterprises, banks, mines, transportation, commerce, and foreign trade must all be nationalized. State power must pass into the hands of the working class. The workers are the only homogeneous class with unified interests, aims and demands; and only a homogeneous class can operate a planned economy. Heterogeneity of interest leads to sabotage and industrial anarchy. The workers must smash the capitalist State power because it is so constituted that it works only for the interests of private property. The new State power must be the "dictatorship of the proletariat," which insures genuine industrial democracy. This new State lasts until such time as classes and class distinction disappear. An immediate improvement must be made in the material conditions of the workers. Improved housing conditions, fixed wages, eight, seven and even six hour working days must be introduced. Leadership must be concentrated. A system of directing bodies must be set up for the various industrial groups. The entire system must be subordinated to a





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single directing body—a supreme council of national economy. Special bodies perform particular planning functions for transportation, trade, credit, and so on. This entire system of interlocking bodies must be linked up by the workers' government. The distinction between city and village economy must be abolished through mass collectivization, large-scale mechanization, and scientific rationalization. Agriculture must be put on a planned scientific basis. Farmers must be converted into an agricultural proletariat whose ideas and aims are in complete harmony with those of the industrial proletariat. The exploitation of colonial peoples must be stopped. The colonial peoples must be taken into the scheme of socialistic economy as full equals. Their special capacities and resources must be utilized for their welfare and the welfare of the nation as a whole. The greatest encouragement must be given to science. Under socialism individual scientific research, which under capitalism so often results in turning the scientist into a narrow and profitable economic tool, is transformed into mass socialist research, where planned scientific investigation is carried on for the benefit of society. No attempt must be made to conceal or discourage research and invention. Scientific institutes must work on problems and inventions according to plan and according to the needs of society.

In plain words, social economic planning is impossible without a proletarian revolution.

Planning is not mere theory or detached economic calculation, but one of the main weapons of the working class in its struggle toward a classless society.

The successes of socialist planning on the industrial field have been published far and wide in the bourgeois press. Dneiprostroy, Tractorstroy, and Magnitogorsk have become bywords in economic and engineering literature. But even those bourgeois writers who have been most enthusiastic about Soviet achievements in industry have missed its chief point. They have treated Soviet economy merely as *planned* economy, ignoring its socialist character. The full meaning of the October Revolution cannot be grasped merely by studying its methods. Those methods have definite aims—and it is by understanding these aims that its significance becomes clear. Social economic planning in the Soviet Union aims above all at the economic liberation of the toiling masses. All talk of freedom, democracy, peace and "economic planning" is either so much twaddle or deliberate deception as long as the worker and farmers are chained to the capitalist system. The question which the bourgeois panegyrists of planning have completely evaded is: What has the Soviet economic planning accomplished for the workers and peasants?

One of the most striking aspects of Soviet life is that the workers are conscious that they toil only for themselves and that they are not only producers but organizers of production. The

Soviet Union has created new forms of labor organization, such as individual socialist competition, shock brigades, production collectives and interdepartmental brigades. These new forms of labor organization have produced, in Stalin's words, "a radical change in man's attitude toward labor, transforming labor from the shameful and heavy burden it was once considered to be, into a thing of honor and glory." Despite bourgeois propaganda about "forced labor," issued by industrial groups anxious to keep out Soviet goods, Soviet labor is free because it is based on cooperation. This explains the extraordinary enthusiasm of the Soviet workers which has accelerated the rate of development of the whole of Soviet economy to such an extent that within a short time, unemployment has been abolished and the living conditions of the masses greatly improved. Recent figures show a tremendous increase in the number of Soviet wage-earners. New strata of workers are constantly being drawn into the process of social production. The huge army of workers engaged in building Soviet industry is steadily improving in skill. Educational facilities have been created for enabling workers to learn any trade and obtain any technical training and knowledge they may seek. Education, once the privilege of the upper and middle classes, has been thrown open to workers and peasants since the Revolution. There has been a tremendous increase in the number of students and the number of general and technical schools.

Planned socialist economy, the increase in the number of workers and the steady improvements in their skill has resulted in a higher standard of living. The Soviet Union has revolutionized the concept of wages. The well-being of the Soviet worker cannot be judged by the amount of wages he receives. Soviet wages cannot be measured by capitalist standards. In the socialist section of Soviet economy, wages do not represent the value of labor power, since the worker does not sell his labor power. In the Soviet Union labor power is not a commodity. Under capitalism the workers standard of living is determined by the wages he receives for his labor power; in the Soviet Union the worker receives "wages" in accordance with the amount and quality of his individual labor, but in addition he receives the benefit of workers welfare funds, social insurance, funds for the training of industrial workers, the construction of houses, public services and other socialized forms of wages.

But even "wages" in the capitalist sense have been steadily increasing in the Soviet Union. At a time when 30 million workers in capitalist countries are unemployed and the wages of those still employed are being slashed, the wages of the Soviet worker have been going up. From 1924 to the first quarter of 1931, the average wage has increased 130 per cent for Soviet industry as a whole. At the same time, hours have decreased. This year 70 percent of the Soviet workers are on the seven-hour day; by 1932 it is planned to have 92% on the 7 hour day.

Similar glaring contrasts between capitalist countries and the Soviet Union are found in regard to vacations, social insurance, occupational hazards and housing. The Soviet Union has no child labor. It pays men and women workers equal pay for equal work. Soviet women workers are allowed time off for 8 weeks before and 8 weeks after childbirth. Tremendous sums are spent for socialized restaurants, children's nurseries, kindergartens and sanatoriums, which relieve women of a large part of their domestic burdens.

It must be clear to any thinking mind that the fourteenth anniversary of the October Revolution shows more clearly than ever, two civilizations face to face, one declining and one rising; one based on anarchy in production for the personal gain of a handful of capitalists, or the rapacious exploitation of the toiling masses and the colonial peoples, the suppression of scientific invention, and a corrupt class oligarchy in politics, and a limitation of the productive forces of labor, and chaos ever leading to crises and wars; the other, controlled by the workers themselves, based on the utilization of every device of science and organization for the improvement of the life of the masses. This new civilization will not be confined to the Soviet Union. The proletarian revolution is international in scope. The revolutionary workers in every country are fighting for the destruction of the system which enslaves them and the establishment of the system which will liberate them. They realize that the Soviet Union has shown the way toward socialism. Hence the revolutionary workers of the world hail their Russian comrades on the fourteenth anniversary of the revolution. Against imperialist aggression they pledge their organized strength to the defense of the Soviet Union.

## DRUMS OF THE WORLD

*drums of the world, beat!  
beat a loud call for war against this madness!*

*blue for a billion years the sky  
having seen at the world's dawn  
man crawl up from slime,  
still beholds terror,  
indolence, stupor, robbery, superstition,  
blood and lies from age to age,  
bones of butchered men crackling in the fields,  
diplomacy's crooked smile,  
the oppression of peoples,  
cries of the poor in all times and lands,  
the hatred of parents and children  
(boys and girls twisted at life's gates  
by the poison of unconfessed jealousy and revenge)  
the struggles of nations, classes, factions, individuals,  
hands that come empty into the world and leave empty:*

*beat, drums of the world!  
let the workers storm from their factories,  
the peasants from their farms,  
sweep the earth clean of this nightmare,  
build new cities, a new world,  
ringing with the clear voices of new men.*

MICHAEL WEBB



SOLVING THE UNEMPLOYMENT PROBLEM

William Hernandez

## 1919 - TWO PORTRAITS by John Dos Passos

### House of Morgan

*I commit my soul into the hands of my saviour, wrote John Pierpont Morgan in his will, in full confidence that having redeemed it and washed it in his most precious blood, He will present it faultless before my heavenly father, and I intreat my children to maintain and defend at all hazards and at any cost of personal sacrifice the blessed doctrine of complete atonement for sin through the blood of Jesus Christ once offered and through that alone,*

and into the hands of the house of Morgan represented by his son

he committed

when he died in Rome in 1913

the control of the Morgan interests in New York, Paris and London, four national banks, three trust companies, three life insurance companies, ten railroad systems, three street railway companies, an express company, the International Mercantile Marine,

power,

on the cantilever principle, through interlocking directorates

over eighteen other railroads, U. S. Steel, General Electric, American Tel. and Tel, five major industries;

the interwoven cables of the Morgan Stillman Baker combination held credit up like a suspension bridge, thirteen percent of the banking resources of the world.

The first Morgan to make a pool was Joseph Morgan, a hotelkeeper in Hartford Connecticut who organized stagecoach lines and bought up Aetna Life Insurance stock in a time of panic caused by one of the big New York fires in the 1830;

his son Junius followed in his footsteps, first in the dry-goods business, and then as partner to George Peabody, a Massachusetts banker who built up an enormous underwriting and mercantile business in London and became a friend of Queen Victoria;

Junius married the daughter of John Pierpont, a Boston preacher, poet, eccentric, and abolitionist; and their eldest son, John Pierpont Morgan arrived in New York to make his fortune

after being trained in England, going to school at Vevey, proving himself a crack mathematician at the University of Göttingen,

a lanky morose young man of twenty, just in time for the panic of '57.

(war and panics on the stock exchange, good growing weather for the House of Morgan)

When the guns started booming at Fort Sumpter, young Morgan turned some money over reselling condemned muskets to the U. S. army and began to make himself felt in the gold room in downtown New York; there was more in trading in gold than in trading in muskets; so much for the Civil War.

During the Franco-Russian war Junius Morgan floated a huge bond issue for the French government at Tours.

At the same time young Morgan was fighting Jay Cooke and the German-Jew bankers in Frankfurt over the funding of the American war debt (he never did like the Germans or the Jews).

The panic of '75 ruined Jay Cooke and made J. Pierpont Morgan the boss croupier of Wall Street; he united with the Philadelphia Drexels and built the Drexel building where for thirty years he sat in his glassed-in office, red-faced and insolent, writing at his desk, smoking great black cigars, or, if important issues were involved, playing solitaire in his inner office; he was famous for his few words. Yes, or No, and for his way of suddenly blowing up in a visitor's face and for the special gesture of the arm that meant, *What do I get out of it?*

In '77 Junius Morgan retired; J. Pierpont got himself made a member of the board of directors of the New York Central railroad and launched the first *Corsair*. He liked yachting and to have pretty actresses call him Commodore.

He founded the Lying-in Hospital on Stuyvesant Square, and was fond of going into St. George's church and singing a hymn all alone in the afternoon quiet.

In the panic of '93.

at no inconsiderable profit to himself

Morgan saved the U. S. Treasury; gold was draining out, the country was ruined, the farmers were howling for a silver standard, Grover Cleveland and his cabinet were walking up and



SOLVING THE UNEMPLOYMENT PROBLEM

*William Hernandez*



down in the blue room at the White House without being able to come to a decision, in Congress they were making speeches while the gold reserves melted in the Subtreasuries; poor people were starving; Coxe's army was marching to Washington; for a long time Grover Cleveland couldn't bring himself to call in the representative of the Wall Street money masters; Morgan sat in his suite at the Arlington smoking cigars and quietly playing solitaire until at last the president sent for him;

he had a plan all ready for stopping the gold hemorrhage. After that what Morgan said went; when Carnegie sold out he built the Steel Trust.

J. Pierpont Morgan was a bullnecked irascible man with small black magpie's eyes and a growth on his nose; he let his partners work themselves to death over the detailed routine of banking, and sat in his back office smoking black cigars; when there was something to be decided he said Yes or No or just turned his back and went back to his solitaire.

Every Christmas his librarian read him Dickens' *A Christmas Carol* from the original manuscript.

He was fond of canary birds and pekinese dogs and liked to take pretty actresses yachting. Each *Corsair* was a finer vessel than the last.

When he dined with King Edward he sat at His Majesty's right; he ate with the Kaiser *tete a tete*; he liked talking to cardinals or the pope, and never missed a conference of Episcopal bishops,

Rome was his favorite city.

He liked choice cookery and old wines and pretty women and yachting, and going over his collections, now and then picking up a jewelled snuffbox and staring at it with his magpie's eyes.

He made a collection of the autographs of the rulers of France, owned glass cases full of Babylonian tablets, seals, signets, statuettes, busts,

Gallo-Roman bronzes,

Merovingian jewels, miniatures, watches, tapestries, porcelains, cuneiform inscriptions, paintings by all the old masters, Dutch, Italian, Flemish, Spanish,

manuscripts of the gospels and the Apocalypse, a collection of the works of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, and the letters of Pliny the Younger.

His collectors bought anything that was expensive or rare or had the glint of empire on it, and he had it brought to him and stared back at it with his magpie's eyes. Then it was put in a glass case.

The last year of his life he went up the Nile on a dahabiyeh and spent a long time staring at the great columns of the Temple of Karnak.

The panic of 1907 and the death of Harriman, his great opponent in railroad financing, in 1909, had left him the undisputed ruler of Wall Street, most powerful private citizen in the world:

an old man tired of the purple, suffering from gout, he had deigned to go to Washington to answer the questions of the Pujo Committee during the Money Trust investigation: *Yes, I did what seemed to me to be for the best interests of the country.*

Wars and panics on the stock exchange

Machine gunfire and arson

Starvation, lice, cholera and typhus:

Good growing weather for the House of Morgan.

#### Randolph Bourne

Randolph Bourne came as an inhabitant of this earth without the pleasure of choosing his dwelling or his career.

He was a hunchback, one of a family of hunchbacks, grandson of a congregational minister, born in 1886 in Bloomfield, New Jersey; there he attended grammar-school and highschool and at the age of seventeen went to work as secretary to a Morristown businessman.

He worked his way through Columbia

working in a pianola record factory in Newark

working as proofreader

pianotuner

accompanist in a vocal studio in Carnegie Hall.

At Columbia he studied with John Dewey got a travelling fellowship that took him to England Paris Rome Berlin Copenhagen, wrote a book on the Gary schools.

In Europe he heard music, a great deal of Wagner and

Scriabine

and bought himself a black cape.

This little sparrowlike man tiny twisted bit of flesh in a black cape always in pain and ailing put a pebble in his sling and hit Goliath square in the forehead with it.

War, he wrote, is the health of the state.

Half musician half educational theorist (weak health and being poor and twisted in body and on bad terms with his people hadn't spoiled the world for Randolph Bourne; he was a happy man, loved *die Meistersinger* and playing Bach with his long hands that stretched so easily over the keys and pretty girls and good food and evenings of talk. When he was dying of pneumonia a friend brought him an egg-nogg; Look at the yellow, it's beautiful, he kept saying as his life ebbed into delirium and fever. He was a happy man) Bourne seized with feverish intensity on the ideas then going around at Columbia, he picked rosy glasses out of the turgid jumble of John Dewey's teaching through which he saw clear and sharp

the shining capitol of reformed democracy

Wilson's New Freedom;

but he was too good a mathematician;

he had to work the equations out

with the result

that in the crazy spring of 1917 he began to get unpopular where his bread was buttered at the *New Republic*;

for New Freedom read Conscriptio, for Democracy, Win

the War, for Reform safeguard the Morgan loans

for Progress Civilization Education Service

Buy a liberty bond

Straff the Hun

Jail the objectors.

He resigned from the *New Republic*; only the *Seven Arts*

had the nerve to publish his articles against the war the backers of the *Seven Arts* took their money elsewhere; friends didn't like to be seen with Bourne, his father wrote him begging him not to disgrace the family name. The rainbowtinted future of reformed democracy went pop like a pricked soapbubble.

The liberals hurried to Washington;

some of his friends plead with him to climb up on Schoolmaster Wilson's sharabang; the war was great fought from the swivel chairs of Mr. Creel's bureau in Washington

he was cartooned, shadowed by the espionage service and the counter-espionage service; taking a walk with two girlfriends at Wood's Hole he was arrested, a trunk full of manuscript and

letters was stolen from him in Connecticut (Force to the utmost, thundered Schoolmaster Wilson).

He didn't live to see the big circus of the Peace of Versailles or the purple Normalcy of the Ohio gang.

Six weeks after the armistice he died planning an essay on the Negroes and the industrial workers as foundations of future radicalism in America.

If any man has a ghost

Bourne has a ghost

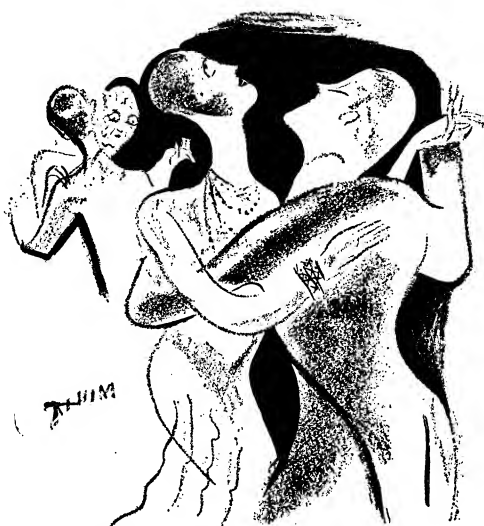
a tiny twisted unscared ghost in a black cloak

hopping along the grimy old brick and brownstone streets

still left in downtown New York, crying out in a shrill soundless

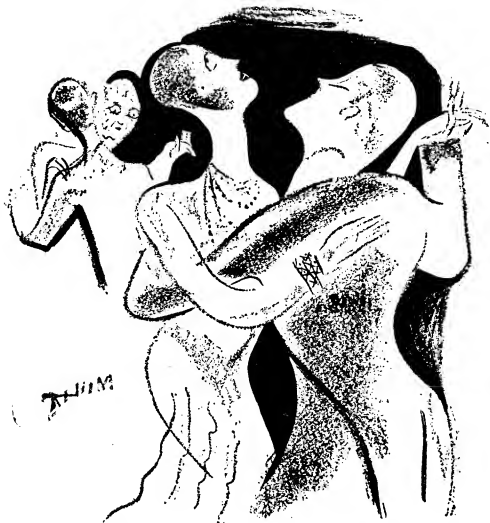
giggle:

War is the health of the state.



UNEMPLOYED

Vincent De Pauw



**UNEMPLOYED**

*Vincent De Pauw*

A. B. MAGIL**World of Worms: Into the Grave!**

*We have known you, by the whips that still live in our flesh we  
have known you,  
By the ache in our bodies, by our hunger, by those we have buried  
and those we have kept alive,  
By the food we have eaten and the homes we have lived in,  
By our days and by our nights we have known you—  
And we have branded you with the hot irons of our hate.*

## I

The curtain rises and discloses  
The statesmen in the usual poses:  
In the bed lies Mother Briand,  
Very tender, very wan—  
Sweet Virgin Mother, upon whose bountiful breast  
All dear little whiteguard children come to rest.  
And lo, out of the virgin womb a dove  
Of peace comes forth (CHRIST IS LOVE),  
While all the angels standing in a ring—  
Henderson, Curtius, Grandi—sweetly sing:  
"Unto us a child is born  
On this happy, happy morn.  
Out of the cannon's mouth a dove of peace is born."

## II

Gentlemen, we have met you all before:  
The old familiar faces—newly lifted, massaged and beauty-creamed.  
You smile very well, gentlemen.  
Unfortunately we speak a different language:  
Your voice is a well-groomed whisper—  
Ours is a roar.  
Hear it in a million cities:  
DOWN

## WITH

## THE IMPERIALIST WAR!

Hear it in a million factories:  
The dark tide of the workers rising to a roar!

## III

We are of all cities and all countries.  
We have slaved in the steel mills of Pittsburgh and the Ruhr.  
We have known the 12-hour day in the textile mills of Gastonia,  
Bombay, Lodz.  
We have dug your coal in Pennsylvania, Manchuria and Wales.  
We have been lashed by the sun in the wheatfields of Kansas and  
Australia.  
We have loaded your ships on the docks of Hamburg, Frisco,  
Hongkong.  
And we who have slaved for you and starved for you in all cities  
and all lands  
Have but one (do you hear? but one) fatherland:  
U S S R.

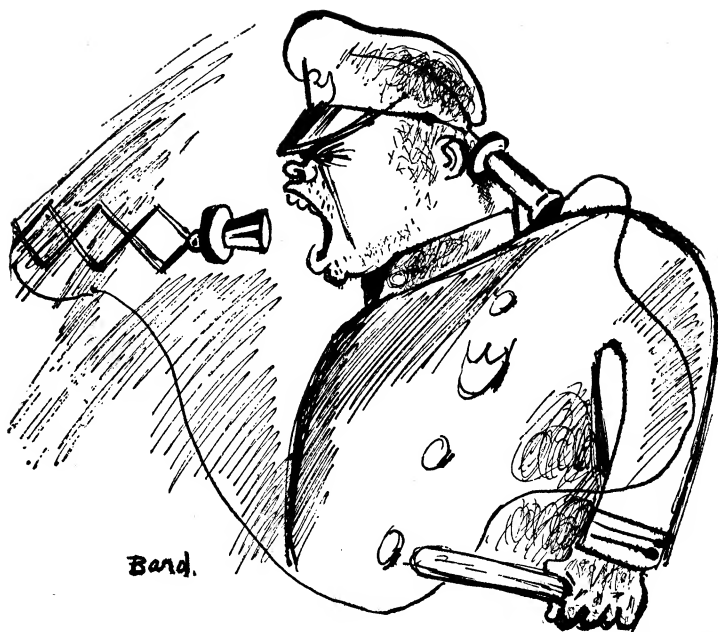
(Red star,  
Burn out the blackness in the sky,  
Burn out the filth and misery of the world,  
Burn out our footprints caked with blood,  
Burn out the haggard years, rise  
In our hearts, red star,  
Burn . . . )

## IV

World of worms: into the grave!  
The last years are the fattest—but your time is up.  
We have built your factories, your mansions, the beds you sleep on,  
the tables you eat from,  
Now we build you your last private property—a tomb.

We build a tomb, we build—see:  
In every land—  
(World of worms: into the grave!)  
The living breathing  
U S S R.

Moscow-New York, 1930-31.



Phil Bard

"G-R-O-G-A-N, NO, NOT—C—,BUT—G—AS IN GRAFT!"

May 1st, 1919

I walked all over town general strike no  
busses no taxicabs the gates of the Metro  
closed Place de Iena I saw red flags Anatole France in a white  
beard placards MUTILES DE LA GUERRE and the nutcracker  
faces of the agents de sureté

Mort aux vaches

At the place de la Concorde the republican guards in  
christmastree helmets were riding among the crowd whacking the  
Parisians with the flat of their swords scraps of the International  
worriedlooking soldiers in their helmets lounging with grounded  
arms all along the Grand Boulevards

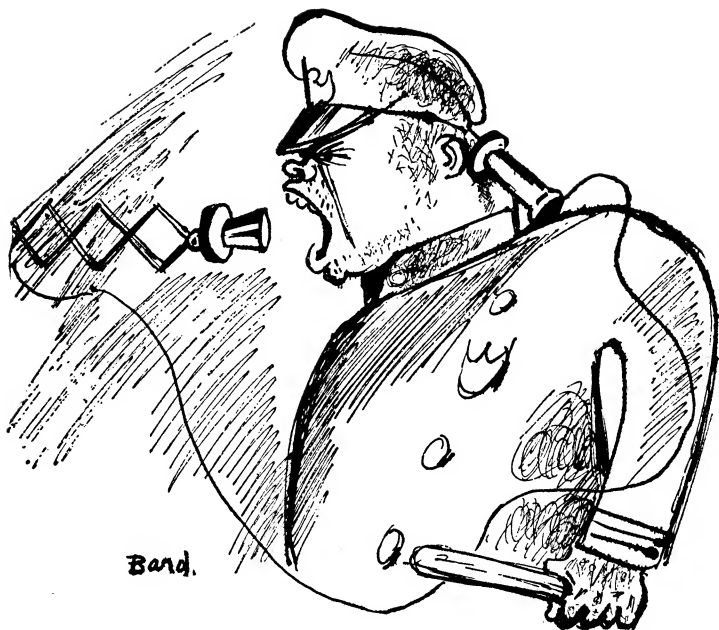
Vive le poilus

at the Republique a bas la guerre MORT AUX VACHES  
a bas la Paix des Assassins they've torn up the gratings from  
around the trees and are throwing stones and bits of cast iron  
at the fancydressed republican guards hissing whistling poking  
at the horses with umbrellas scraps of the International

at the Gare de l'Est they're singing the International  
entire the gendarmerie nationale is making its way slowly down  
Magenta into stones whistles bits of iron the International Mort  
Aux Vaches Barricades we must build barricades some young  
kids are trying to break down the shutters of an arms shop re-  
volver shots an old woman in a window was hit (Whose blood is  
that on the cobbles?) we're all running down a side street dodging  
into courtyards concierges are trying to close the outside doors  
on cavalry charging twelve abreast firecracker faces scared and  
mean behind their big moustaches under their Christmastree hel-  
mets

at a corner I run into a friend who was running too Look  
out they're shooting to kill and its begun to rain hard so we dive  
in together just before a shutter slams down on the door of the  
little cafe dark and quiet inside a few workingmen past middle  
age are grumblingly drinking at the bar Ah les salops There  
are no papers Somebody said the revolution had triumphed in  
Marseilles and Lille Ca va taper dure we drink grog american  
our feet are wet at the next table two elderly men are playing  
chess over a bottle of white wine

Later we peep out from under the sliding shutter that's  
down over the door into the hard rain on the empty streets only  
a smashed umbrella and an old checked cap side by side in the  
clean stone gutter and a torn handbill L'UNION DES TRA-  
VAILLEURS FERA



*Phil Bard*

"G-R-O-G-A-N, NO, NOT—C—,BUT—G—AS IN GRAFT!"





OVER THE BODY OF MANCHURIA

William Gropper

**MICHAEL GOLD****THE INTELLECTUAL ROAD TO FASCISM**

Never before in America has an economic crisis created the state of mind that exists here now.

In former crises, there would be rumblings of revolt, but they were usually directed against some individual politician or some minor detail of the system. But today one discovers a deep mass-instinct at work that questions the capitalist system as a whole. It is extraordinary to read the papers today, or to go about the streets, factories and homes, and listen to this deeply skeptical talk. Whatever comes of it, it marks a great turning point in the consciousness of the American nation. It is the first time that America has ever examined itself. Whatever happens now, American capitalism cannot come out of this crisis unchanged. We are at the beginning of some new germination whose form is still veiled in the mysteries of the womb.

One begins to understand Marx's saying: "There are periods in a nation's life when twenty years seem to pass as uneventfully as a day, to be followed by one day into which is packed the meaning and history of twenty years."

It is a time that imposes leadership on the pukka intellectuals. Every liberal magazine is now a hothouse of panaceas and political speculations. During the boom years light fiction was immensely popular. Today all the publishing houses report that text books on politics and economics are outselling fiction.

One of the most profound forces at work is the reaction to Soviet Russia. The bourgeois intellectuals have at least begun to study the "great experiment." (It has lasted fourteen years, and is stronger than the capitalist experiment in such countries as Germany, for instance, but let that pass.)

*Toward the Planned Economy*

Searching for a way out of the capitalist chaos, the American bourgeois intellectuals have traced with uncanny fidelity the path of their counterparts in Europe. It is amazing to see how the Marxian analysis of the liberal works true across the length of the ocean, over the high walls of language and national mentalities.

For these American intellectuals, moving only by the unconscious paths of their own class psychology, have evolved exactly the same economic program as the Fascists in the other countries.

They are not even aware that it is Fascism. They call it the "planned economy," and are amazed when anyone questions it, for they are still politically opposed to Fascism, ("his motives were pure, said Landru.")

Stuart Chase and the *New Republic* group might perhaps be named as the leaders in this crusade for a "planned economy," though there are dozens of big industrialists who are preaching it, and thousands of contrite stockmarket liberals who are dreaming it.

What is their "planned economy?" These leaders cannot quite explain how it will be effected, but they point to the War Industries Board as an example of what they mean. They want the industries of America plotted carefully as to supply and demand and centralized under a supreme economic council that will eliminate waste, overlapping cutthroat competition, seasonal fluctuations, and the like.

Edmund Wilson expressed it neatly in a formula: "we want to take Communism away from the Communists."

Hitler has the same program in Germany; Mussolini in Italy; Calles in Mexico; Pilsudski in Poland; Oswald Moseley in England. They also are trying to take Communism away from the Communists, just as Kaiser Wilhelm and Bismarck once took Socialism away from Socialists.

*A Few Objections*

Why is it an impractical program?

1. The normal goal of business is profit. You can't have business without profit. Do you expect to eliminate profit from your planned economy? If not, how much profit will you allow to the owning class? How can you guarantee it to them? Thorstein Veblen wrote many books to explain that an engineer's planned economy is impossible under the price system.

2. You cannot control industry, prices, profit, etc. without a centralized dictatorship. Who will head this? Will it be Smedley

Butler? Or Herbert Hoover? How will he acquire the power? And how will he determine the wages of workers and farmers?

3. Supposing that you can establish a planned economy within the nation, what will be your method of competing with the planned economies of England or France in the foreign market? Will not the very centralization of industry in these other countries to meet your competition lead more swiftly to a new war?

4. Will you allow Haiti, the Philippines, Cuba, Venezuela to break away and establish planned economies for themselves, or will you coerce them and exploit them in your American utopia?

5. Will your planned economy control J. P. Morgan and the bankers, or will they control you, as they control Mussolini and Hitler?

6. Can you eliminate the stock market and still have capitalism? If you think so you are a utopian.

7. Is your "planned economy" any different from the B. and O. Plan, which failed so dismally?

But why go on? It is the same bourgeois Lorelei who today is singing to the harassed middle class of Germany. It is a scheme that ought to be familiar by now — the desperate demagoguery of a stricken bourgeoisie that must find an answer to the challenge of unemployment on one hand, and Soviet Russia on the other. Communism without the workers and Communists is no thing but capitalism. It is capitalism with more power in its hands, new weapons to use against the workers and farmers.

Edmund Wilson should change his formula, so that it will read: "let us take capitalism away from the capitalists, and make it serve humanity, instead of exploiting it."

*The Bell-Wethers of Fascism*

The tragedy of the whole mess is that we are probably doomed to go through this "planned economy." Fascism is coming in America, if the depression lasts another year or two, and its heralds will have been the same *New Republic* philosophers of noble motives who led us into the last war.

Gentlemen, to hell with your planned economy if it is to be administered by General Pershing, President Hoover and J. P. Morgan. We fear it and loathe it and will fight it to the bitter end, however plausible your arguments or however dignified and classic your prose. You are the bland bell-wethers of a new and stronger tyranny, and to hell with you and your Christmas pudding!

What we want is plain; a planned economy administered by the workers and farmers who produce the wealth of America, and who refuse to pay tribute to parasites. Only under collective ownership will it be possible to plan; you envy Soviet Russia her planning, but you fail to understand why she can plan: there is collective ownership. Capitalism cannot plan; the law of its being is profit and competition; it can only promise to plan, and hold before the eyes of the masses a fake Communism, as does Hitler, to make them forget the real Communism. And when the Fascists finally are in power, with blood and iron they will reveal what it was all about, and make you like it, gentlemen of the "planned economy."

In Soviet Russia every increase in production goes back to the workers in the form of higher wages, more leisure, more social insurance, more cultural benefits. Under the bourgeois planned economy it will go back as now to the stockholders in the form of dividends; there will be a great permanent millionaire class. This is the chief difference between the two "plans."

Under the bourgeois "planned economy" there will be the same gap between wages and production that makes for surplus value, overproduction and crises. How can it be otherwise if profit is to be retained? In Soviet Russia this gap has at last been bridged; it can only be bridged under collective ownership, and is the chief point of its superiority as a working system to capitalism, planned or unplanned.

But again! to hell with all Fascist schemes for a planned economy run by Wall Street! We will not allow, if we can help it, an inch of this Trojan horse within the working class gates. Whoever does so is a traitor to the working class!

### *The Next War.*

There is a variety of religious imbecile who goes about the country roads of America with a bucket of whitewash, and paints on the rocks and the weatherbeaten fences, "Prepare to Meet Thy God." If it would help, one might take this bucket and tramp from coast to coast, painting on the local scenery: "Prepare To Be Assassinated in the Next World War." It is coming, it is here. It will swallow us all, it will devour men, women, babies and dogs, it will joyride us into eternity, via gas, bayonet, bomb and high-power shell.

### *Y. M. C. A. Tactics*

No sane person wants another war. No normal human being with any constructive impulses or affections wants this mass insanity in which millions are torn into bleeding hunks for the trench rats to fatten on. War kills honor and intellect and co-operation.

But it isn't enough to say that one is against war; it's not enough to write novels exposing the filth and horror of the trenches. The Y. M. C. A. and similar agencies try to prevent youth from copulating by giving them little booklets that narrate the horrors of syphilis. Did this ever stop anything? The pacifists think they will stop war by describing its horrors, too. Has it ever stopped anything? The authors of the recent crop of war fiction will be found in the trenches of the next war. The club ladies who read Remarque will be shrieking for enemy blood, and hounding slackers. The pacifist liberals, as in the last war, will join the Intelligence Service en masse and spy and stool-pigeon on their radical acquaintances. Pacifism is too easy; it demands no action, but only one's sentimental ballot for the eternal verities.

### *Is War So Irrational?*

The incurable weakness of pacifism consists in the fact that it refuses to recognize the capitalist and imperialist origin of war. It proceeds on the assumption that war is something like a burst of rage in the individual, which can be forestalled by noble thoughts and self-control.

War may have depended at times in the feudal past on the whim of emperors and kings. Today it is a respectable part of Big Business. It is as premeditated as a selling campaign by a large corporation. It is the last resort of national salesmanship.

The Japanese have been nibbling at Manchuria for over twenty-five years. The war they are now making there is only the last act in a long chain of events, the clinching argument. The Japanese do not want to make war, but their business men *must* have the fields, mines, railroads and markets of Manchuria. War is merely an extension of business. One of the feeblest of pacifist arguments is that war does not pay. It is true that in the long run and from the historic viewpoint, war does not pay the human race. But it does pay the winning nations for a few decades, or even centuries. The British Empire was built by war. Japan has become a world power through war. America dominates the Caribbean, the Philippines, and other places through war.

Capitalism breeds war as naturally and inevitably as a manure pile breeds maggots. Destroy capitalism and war will be ended. But pacifists will not face this hard fact, the majority of them being bourgeois stockholders in capitalism. They love the business skunk, but are puzzled and shocked by its smell. They will not shoot the skunk; they prefer capitalism, smell, war and all, rather than lose their bourgeois privileges.

### *That League of Nations*

Socialists and liberals tell us that the League of Nations will end war. It is like saying that the Chamber of Commerce will put an end to rent, interest and profit.

This League of Nations is only another cog in the great war and business machine. Is it even a League of Nations? No, it is nothing but the temporary alliance of the nations which won the last war. Its object from the beginning was to enforce the plundering, war-breeding Versailles treaty, to protect the booty won in the war. It has also served as an alliance against Soviet Russia, and the working-class of the world. The next world war, which is coming very shortly, will be plotted in the meeting rooms of the League of Nations. The fact that this League has been endorsed by the Socialists and liberals is evidence of nothing but the bankruptcy of Socialism and liberalism. Once they had a program of opposition; now they are nothing but the tail to the capitalist kite.

When a gangster is arrested for some crime, he immediately hires an imposing stuffed-shirt lawyer at a high price to make

flowery speeches for him in court. When that great gangster, Capitalism, is in trouble, as he has been so much recently, he employs Socialists and liberals to save him. And their price is so cheap; all they ask is a few public offices for their Norman Thomases, Ramsay MacDonalds, and Butcher Noskes.

### *The Last War and This One.*

Before an attack, a smoke screen is sometimes laid down to bewilder the enemy and shield the attackers. Before the last war there were multitudes of Socialists and pacifists preaching everywhere that there could be no more war. It was too costly, said Norman Angell, the liberal. The workers would oppose it, said John Spargo, the Socialist. They covered the truth with a screen of noble sentiments. They did nothing concrete to organize the masses against war, they merely orated. When war came, the pacifist masses were unprepared; like cattle they were herded into the slaughterhouse by cowboys who knew what it was all about.

The Socialists and liberals, whether consciously or not, are performing the same role today. By concealing the truth from the masses, that another war is on the way, by persuading the masses to put their trust in the League of Nations, the Socialists and liberals are doing the work of the capitalist war-makers.

What defence have the workers against war? Only the Communists know; only the Communists are organizing an effective opposition in each nation that the war-makers have already begun to fear.

### *The Workers' Preparedness.*

Without an understanding of the economic basis of war, no one can be its determined or effective opponent. Sentimental appeals will not hold back a nation inflamed by patriotic lies. Only the man who understands clearly that he is being asked to die for J. P. Morgan's investments abroad, or the markets of the oil and machinery trusts, will be immune to the customary lies about small nations, enemy atrocities, or democracy.

That is why it is so necessary to spread a knowledge of Marxian economics; that is why it is so necessary to maintain a clear-cut Marxian platform in politics, based on the realities of the class war.

Prepare for the next war! Prepare by studying Marx and Lenin, by studying the Russian Revolution. Prepare to fight Wall Street, instead of dying to protect its wealth. Inoculate yourself against the liberals who will want to lead you into another capitalist war for whatever holy and subtle reason. Prepare against the Walter Lippmanns, the Rabbi Stephen Wises, the Woodrow Wilsons, Spargoes, Bohns, Scheidemanns, Eberts, Kropotkins, Albert Thomases, Arthur Hendersons, of the next war. They are in your midst now; ask them what they will do, SPECIFICALLY, when the nation is mobilized. Prepare.



"IMAGINE US IN A COMUNISTIC STATE!"—Herb Kruckman

JOSHUA KUNITZ

## SOVIET TADJIKISTAN

Illustrations From A Sketch-  
Book by Louis Lozowick.

Our cars rattle up the narrow, rocky road that winds along the precipice overhanging the wild Dushambe. The mountains on both sides of the river are bare rocks, torn by deep gorges, red with the heat of the sun. Far in the distance looms the snowy peak of Lenin-tau.

There is not a living being in sight, except for a rare Tadjik in bright cloak and silk embroidered skull-cap, prodding his long stick into the ribs of his obstreperous *ishak* (native ass), or an occasional eagle circling in the sky.

The country is primitive, wild. Here and there one discovers traces of civilization: now a green patch of cultivated land rising on a steep incline—a triumph of human persistence and ingenuity; now an ethereally woven bridge suspended perilously over the angry, roaring Dushambe.

But these things have been here for centuries. Alexander the Great, during his famous passage to India, must have contemplated them as rude signs of a primitive life.

The effusive French comrade at my side, undaunted by the scorching heat and clouds of dust, waxes eloquent over the rough grandeur of the scene: "Chaos... primordial chaos... *magnifique!*..."

"Never mind chaos..." laughs our Tadjik chauffeur. "We are beginning to harness this chaos. There has been chaos here long enough."

These natives always will put a damper on the innocent tourist's enthusiasm. Small wonder. They have dwelt here for centuries, in ignorance, in darkness, isolated from the rest of the world—boundless hungry steppes on one side, impenetrable mountain ranges on the other, and no roads, absolutely no roads. Can one blame this young Communist chauffeur for being impatient with the magnificence of chaos and for finding romance "in this telegraph line we have put up here at the cost of infinite pain, in this road which we are building and which is to serve as an artery beating with the pulse of a modern Stalinobod joined to a modernized Samarkand and Tashkent."

"This is our romance," boasts the youth. "Bolshevik tempi, comrade, that's what we are after."

"Bolshevik tempo," this is something new in the vocabulary of the Soviet worker. Three, four years ago one used to hear of "American tempo." Then the boast was—"Why, comrade, we have achieved here almost American tempo!" And now it is "Bolshevik tempo." A rather significant phrase, particularly when it comes from a Tadjik, an Asiatic.

Isai Khodzaiev now takes up the thread of conversation. A native Tadjik somewhere in his early thirties, Khodzaiev had from his earliest youth been associated with the revolutionary movement in Bokhara, had fought through the civil war, had taken active part in every struggle for the establishment of the Soviets in Tadjikistan, had worked on every front—military, economic, cultural—had studied in the Moscow University until he was called back to his native land to occupy a number of increasingly responsible government positions, and is now a member of the Tadjik State Planning Commission. This fellow, dressed in khaki and high canvas boots, is a veritable dynamo, a typical Bolshevik. He is always the first to rise and the last to retire. No detail is too insignificant for him. He is thorough in his work, painstaking in his explanations. Efficient and tireless, he has more than once proved a little trying on us soft Westerners. In his endeavor to



*Birth of Tadjikistan, youngest Soviet Republic.*

show us all the achievements of the Tadjik Republic, he ignores every plea on our part that we are tired, that the road is too exhausting, that the heat is unbearable, that we are sick. He simply refuses to take *no* for an answer. Even we, his guests, are a little cowed by his dictatorial manner. Occasionally, when things become unendurable, we break out in revolt—"We won't go, that's all!" Khodzaiev doesn't bat an eyelash. He simply blows in with his "get a move on, comrades, the car is waiting," and no one has the backbone to object. Ashamed to look at each other, we obediently clamber into the truck, to be whisked off again to another kolkhoz, or state farm, or factory, or school. More than once have we offered up prayers to the merciful Allah

that Khodzaiev might be stricken with a fit of oriental laziness. But prayers are vain, Allah is not merciful, and Khodzaiev remains unchanged—a hard-boiled Bolshevik.

"If you ever write about Tadjikistan," says Khodzaiev, "please don't fall into the error of most of our Russian literary comrades who visit us, don't descend to exoticism, don't become worked up over the magnificence of chaos."

Khodzaiev pronounces "magnificence of chaos" with sardonic relish. He obviously has nothing but contempt for "poetry."

"Please don't roll your eyes, and gasp, and sputter about the beauty of our apparel, the quaintness of our villages, the mystery hidden beyond our women's *paranjas*, the charm of sitting on rugs under shady plane trees and listening to the sweet monotone of our bards, of drinking green tea from a *piala* and eating the *pilaf* with your hands. Really, there is nothing charming about all this. We are sick of it. Take any cultured Tadjik, cultured in a modern sense, I mean, and he absolutely cannot understand how intelligent Europeans can become eloquent and sentimental over all this. To us most of our customs are simply manifestations of backwardness, of ignorance, of a lack of knowledge of the most elementary rules of sanitation and prophylactics."

Feeling that Khodzaiev is in one sweep trying to annihilate a half—and what I think the best half—of my prospective book on Tadjikistan, I try to salvage it by diplomacy, reminding him jocularly that if I ever write anything about Tadjikistan it will be not for Tadjiks but Americans, and that if Americans learn through my writing about Tadjikistan, about the mere existence of such a country, I would feel that I deserved a little gratitude rather than disdain; and I conclude by asking him whether he does not think that a dose of the exotic may make a study of Tadjikistan more palatable to Americans.

"But this is pandering," exclaims Khodzaiev indignantly. "It would not be describing Tadjikistan. If your reader is interested in this exotic tripe let him read books about us written ten or twenty or fifty or a hundred years ago, it would all be the same. But you are in Soviet Tadjikistan, and it is your duty to give what is most characteristic, what distinguishes our Soviet Republic. You must deal with the living not the dead. Show America how we are building our roads, our factories, our electrical stations, how we are adopting the latest scientific methods in our work of irrigation and reclamation, how we are opening hundreds of schools and introducing polytechnical education, organizing hundreds of collective and state farms, achieving success in the development of Egyptian cotton, how we are emancipating the woman, undermining the authority of the once all





*Birth of Tadjikistan, youngest Soviet Republic.*



*Herb Kruckman*

**"IMAGINE US IN A COMUNISTIC STATE!"—Herb Kruckman**

powerful Islam, opening sanitary stations and hospitals, how we are spreading the message of Communism to the oppressed colonial peoples of the East, and are frustrating the repeated imperialist ventures on our borders. Show this, and you show Tadjikistan. The rest is nonsense, ancient history."

And as our car trundles along the rocky road, Khodzaiev, interrupted now and then by the chauffeur, tells us the story of his little country in the depths of Asia, on the borders of Afghanistan, India, China. It was a hard struggle, long and bloody. The country had been devastated, the population pauperized long before the Civil War. What is now the Tadjik Socialist Soviet Republic, one of the seven sovereign constituent republics of the Soviet Union, what is now generally known as Tadjikistan, was not very long ago merely a province of Bokhara, a colony of the Bokhara Emir. It was doubly oppressed, for it was, in a sense, a colony of a colony. Bokhara was a colony of Russia, and Eastern Bokhara, i. e. Tadjikistan, was a colony of Bokhara. And from Khodzaiev's narrative it appears that before the Soviet armies came to Eastern Bokhara the main occupation of the Tadjiks had been the paying of endless taxes to a host of greedy officials sent here by the Emir and the Czar, to all kinds of *cazis*, and *raises*, and *mufti*, and *beks*, and *amliakadars*, and to a still greater host of Moslem divines—*mulhas*, *domullahs*, *ishans*, etc. There was a tax on the crops (one-sixth of the yearly crop); there was a tax on the cattle and produce bought or sold on the market; there was a head tax on each member of the family; there were tolls to be paid for crossing bridges and using roads; one-tenth of the income had to go to the Mosque, and so on, taxes without end. What was worse was the fact that the Emir's officials never worked on a salary basis. They received commissions from the collected moneys; the more they collected, the greater the commissions. This lent itself to no end of abuse. The population was helpless.

"And don't forget," amplifies the chauffeur, "that we paid not merely in money and produce; our peasants paid with their daughters and sons. Any pretty girl or handsome boy was always in danger of being seized by the officials to satisfy the appetites of the Emir and his crew."

"Yes, comrades," continues Khodzaiev, "we gave everything and received nothing. There were practically no schools. 99½ of a percent of our population was illiterate. There was only one small dispensary in Dushambe. There were no doctors, no dentists, no teachers. We had no roads, no industries, no railroad. In many parts of the country, in the mountains, the peasants had never seen a wheel. Land ownership was feudal, agriculture was prehistoric. We plowed with an *omach*, a heavy, rude stick. When the Soviets finally became established here, we had to labor against terrific odds. By the end of the Civil War, we had lost twenty-five percent of the population, seventy-two percent of the sown area, and over sixty percent of our cattle. Everything modern you have seen or will see here is very recent, no more than five or six years old. Everything has been achieved between the year 1925, that is the year when we liquidated the Basmachi (counter-revolutionary guerrilla detachments), and the present year.

And being that Khodzaiev is a member of the State Planning Commission, he has the astronomical figures at his finger tips; and he doesn't hesitate to quote them, punctuating each figure by numerous almost visible exclamation marks. I am out of breath taking them down; and the jolting of the car certainly does not add to my efficiency. Still, I manage to jot down some statistics. Nine million rubles on the construction of roads—this is what the government spent in 1929. In 1930, the sum was twelve millions; while the budget for the current year is twenty million rubles. Four years ago the government put only a little less than two

hundred and seventy thousand rubles into the industries; in 1931 the figures jumped to fourteen million! In 1925 there were only four thousand hectares of cotton sown in Tadjikistan; in 1930 there were one hundred and thirty thousand hectares; while this year there are about one hundred and seventy thousand hectares of cotton. In 1929, the government spent about three million rubles on irrigation; this year it is spending sixty-one million rubles. Within a few months thirty percent of the cotton and grain lands have been collectivized. In 1929, there was only one dispensary located in Stalinabad. Now Tadjikistan boasts of sixty-one hospitals, thirty seven dental clinics, 2125 beds, two hundred doctors, etc. On education, the budget for 1930-1931 is twenty-eight million rubles. Similar progress is shown in almost every other field of economic and cultural endeavor.

"This Spring," concludes Khodzaiev, "just during the height of our campaign for collectivization and cotton,

we had some little trouble with the Basmachi again; but this, too, has been practically liquidated now. And our campaign has turned out even more successful than we had expected."

The "little trouble" mentioned by Khodzaiev, I had heard of while still in Moscow. There were rumors that a huge, well-organized, and excellently trained army had invaded Tadjikistan from across the Afghan border. The reports were rather ominous. My friends begged me not to venture into those disturbed regions. When I came to Tashkent, I learned that one thousand five hundred well-armed horsemen, former kulaks and officials who had fled from the revolution, headed by the notorious Ibrahim Bek, entered Tadjikistan with the purpose of disrupting the Soviet sowing campaign, and, if possible, to serve as a center for all the dissatisfied elements in the country to gather around and start a counter-revolution in Central Asia. By the time I reached Stalinabad, the capital of Tadjikistan, I knew that Ibrahim's venture was a flop. That the native peasants, some armed with guns and some merely with clubs, had gone out into the mountains to hunt

after Ibrahim and his gang, that Ibrahim's "army" had been annihilated, and that Ibrahim himself was still alive, hiding in a cave. I had heard in Moscow, as I later heard in Tashkent and Stalinabad, that Ibrahim's army was equipped with English rifles. It was whispered all around that the English were in back of this venture. Khodzaiev's reference to Ibrahim Bek's adventure as a "little" trouble was not in complete accordance with the facts. It might have had serious consequences, were it not that the government had the utter loyalty and enthusiastic support of the Tadjiks.

#### Varsobstroy

And here is Varsobstroy!" exclaims Khodzaiev, as he leaps out of the still moving truck.

We are nonplussed. Words ending with *stroy* are very common in the Soviet Union. Who hasn't heard of Dneprostroy, Volkhovstroy, Vakhshstroy, and a hundred other *stroys* all over this vast country of Soviets? But *stroy* means construction, building; it implies bustle, hubbub, panting trucks, rasping cranes, the ra-ta-ta of riveters, the hissing of steam engines—in short, it implies visible, audible, tangible evidence of work, and, in the Soviet Union, of feverish work. While here there is nothing; only a steel cable drawn across the foaming Dushambe, only a wooden box (the natives call it a "crib") suspended from the cable; and at a distance, near the village Shafte Mishgoi, a few rough hewn barracks and some workmen. Instead of activity, there is desolation, quiet, bare mountains frowning on all sides...

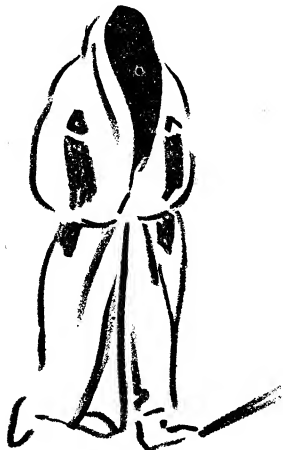
"Varsobstroy—that sounds big!" jests the German comrade. "It doesn't only sound big; it is big," smiles Gidnin, the hydro-



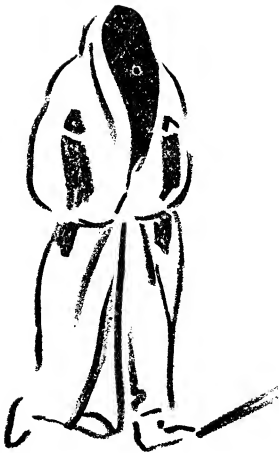
Woman Unveiled



Volunteer National Guard



Woman in "Paranja"



*Woman in "Paranja"*





*Volunteer National Guard*



*Woman Unveiled*

electric engineer in charge of the construction, as he shakes our hands. "In Tadzhikistan a hydro-electrical station giving 10,000 h.p. is no small matter."

"It certainly isn't," corroborates Khodzaiev. "Not with the difficulties we are having here."

Slapping Gindin vigorously on the back, Khodzaiev declares proudly, "Aron Markovich Gindin is a real engineer, a Soviet engineer, one of the heroes of the *piatiletka*. Tell them how you got here, Gindin; the reception we gave you in Stalinabad, the encouragement."

Both laugh gayly.

Gindin, however, is too reticent to talk about himself. Sunburnt, his skin as black as a native's, stocky, vigorous looking, this Russian-Jewish fellow is almost girlishly bashful. He is glad to tell you all about the Varsobstroy project, about the difficulties, and the prospects, but he becomes as silent as a clam when the conversation turns to his personal achievements. "It doesn't really matter," he protests feebly, as Khodzaiev proceeds to expatiate on Gindin's self-sacrificing work. At the first opportunity, he slips away to the barracks, "to see the men."

Gindin gone, Khodzaiev becomes eulogistic. "He has the real stuff in him, he is genuine pioneer material. Nothing scares him, nothing stops him. He is not a Party man; but his loyalty, his devotion are unflinching. When he came here, he had nothing but a portfolio under his arm, and determination. For two months we had no living quarters for him, so he slept on a desk in one of the offices of the VSNKH. The bureaucrats here refused to take him seriously, he was too young they said to be entrusted with a big job. It was only after Gindin produced proof of having graduated the Temiriazhev Academy in 1926, of having been in charge of the construction of a huge dam in the Transcaucasus, of having then been appointed chief engineer of the hydroelectric irrigation works in Tashkent, that he was given a serious hearing. Then he balked up against the lack of funds. Then the question of building materials came up, then of transportation, then of workers, then of food and shelter. Furthermore, in the spring there arose the additional danger of the Basmachi. Varsobstroy is seventeen kilometers from Stalinabad, it is an almost completely deserted gorge, exposed to bandit attacks at almost any time. But Gindin never wavered. The project was practicable, and he had made up his mind to see it through. His dream is to see the entire Varsob region electrified. To construct an electric railway from Stalinabad to Samarkand, to turn this valley into the hunting ground of European tourists, to eclipse Switzerland in a hundred different ways, to make a Soviet Switzerland. He has all kinds of dreams for Tadzhikistan; and he neither a Communist nor a Tadjik."

It is a pleasure to hear Khodzaiev's enthusiastic praise of Gindin. There is something fine and comradesly about it. I think of all one reads in the capitalist press about the Soviets maltreating the specialists, the engineers, and I wonder. Here is Khodzaiev, a member of the government, a Communist, and there certainly seems to be no lack of appreciation on his part of the non-party specialist's efforts. Gindin is a conscientious engineer and an honest Soviet Citizen; this apparently is quite sufficient, he is given every possible opportunity to express himself in his work. He had left the academy only five years ago, and see what important work has been intrusted to him from the very start. Is there a country in the world at present where a real engineer, a real builder and dreamer and planner, has a better chance to realize his dreams, to write his name across the page of human progress in mighty works of steel and concrete? There is no essential conflict. The old line of demarcation between the engineer and the worker is disappearing, the engineer, too, is a worker, an indispensable part of the social mechanism, and Gindin no doubt feels it, as Khodzaiev certainly feels it.

When Gindin comes back, he tells a little about the work here. I am no engineer; and many things aren't clear to me. However, the skeleton of the plan is this: a dam 180 meters long, from there a canal 1,126 meters long and from 3 to 4 meters deep. The excavation work will amount to about 28,000 cubic meters. The total cost will be nine million rubles. The cost of current won't exceed 3 kopecks per kilowatt hour, whereas the present cost in Stalinabad is 70 kopecks. By September first, there will be here a settlement of 1,800 people, with stores, bakeries, clubs, etc.

"Now tell of the difficulties," suggests Khodzaiev. "Let the comrades know what it means to build socialism in this wild,

backward, and inaccessible country. Let them tell it to our comrades in Europe and America."

"It's too much to tell," laughs Gindin. "Briefly, we need ten automobile trucks, 150 horses, 140 wagons, 400 ton of iron. We have—not one truck, only 34 horses, only 25 wagons, only one ton of iron."

There is a considerable slump in our enthusiasm: it is one thing to plan, and another to carry out the plan.

"How in hell do you expect to carry on the work?" asks the petered out French comrade in a choking voice.

"We have pulled through worse fixes," rumbles the irrepressible Khodzaiev reassuringly. "We know that the materials are on the way; when they arrive, we'll have to do some tall hustling, that's all."

"If everything were on hand," rejoins Gindin, "if there were no bureaucrats, and saboteurs, and self-seekers, there would be no trick in building. Sure, it's hard. But we'll do it, won't we Khodzaiev?"

"We certainly shall!" shouts Khodzaiev, laying his heavy hand on Gindin's shoulders. "And three years from now we shall invite our comrades to come here and take a trip through the mountains on our luxurious mountain railway..."

"The bolsheviks certainly know how to dream..." remarks our Norwegian companion.

"Fortunately, they are also learning how to work," retorts Gindin.

### Vladimir Mayakovsky

## Decree to the Army of Art

(English Verses by Joseph Freeman)

*They brag, the old men's brigades,  
Of the same old wearisome goals.  
Comrades,  
To the barricades!  
Barricades of hearts and souls.  
He alone is a Communist true  
Who burns the bridge for retreat:  
Stop marching slowly, Futurists,  
Into the future, leap!  
Engines are easy to build,  
Wind the wheels and they go:  
But hurl your song like a bomb,  
There's a railway depot to blow!  
Pile up sound on sound,  
March on  
With whistle and song;  
Loud ringing letters abound  
To roll  
Under  
Your tongue.  
Trousers creased at the edge—  
That's the easy officer's way;  
All the soviets won't budge the troops  
Unless the musicians play.  
Drag pianos into the street,  
Let drums rend the air asunder,  
Whether drums or pianos beat,  
Let tumult be,  
Let thunder!  
What good to slave in a shop,  
To soil your face and growl,  
Why stare at the joy of others,  
Flapping your eyes like an owl?  
Enough of pennywise talk,  
Sweep the old from the heart who dares!  
The streets shall be our brushes,  
Our palettes shall be the squares!  
The thousand pages Book of Time,  
Revolution's song shall know;  
Into the streets, Futurists,  
Drummers and poets go!*



*New Masses, November, 1931*

*Hugo Gellert*

**LENIN**



*New Masses, November, 1931*

*Hugo Gellert*

**LENIN**



Communism Comes to College

At the University of Pennsylvania Professor X—the fashionable philosopher has been intoning in a nasal drawl for twenty years. The venerable professor's life-long association with the shades of Spinoza, Descartes, Kant, Hegel and family has not prevented him from being a trusted elder in the Episcopal church. His immaculate garb, his wealth of anecdote lighting up the personal lives of the pillars of philosophy and his sweetly reasoned conservatism endears him to the sons of the Stotesburys and Biddles, the scions of the Philadelphia families who chose not to go to Princeton. Professor X, you might say, heads the list of popular professors.

But a close second is Dr. Y, of the Psychology Department. This hero of the World War, member of an American Legion Post in the suburbs, delights in using as an exhibit of a typical moron's head, that which rests upon his own shoulders. For years he has enjoyed the gasp of his class as he pointed to his own egg-shaped skull and informed the students that it was the classic type that denotes a high-grade imbecile. Then he carefully added, of course, with an arch smile, that the topography of one's skull did not unerringly denote one's normality or abnormality. He cited the heavy brain that was Dostoevsky's and the heavier brain that belonged to an anonymous idiot.

But let us not overlook the overwhelmingly popular Dr. Z, and his witty lectures on modern literature. He didn't weary his heavy gray head to get at the basis for a particular milieu in literature. Literature was created by individuals who sprang full-grown from nowhere. They might have been nurtured in an incubator and educated in a vacuum. There was no explanation for the fact that one man writes like D'Annunzio and another like Gorki. But when it came to handing you gossip concerning the lives of various authors, Dr. Z was a wonder. He invariably proved that an imposing minority of the world's leading authors are homosexual, and thus gained a greater popularity with many of his students than *College Humor* or the *American Mercury*. Dr. Z has gained medical information that exposes not only leading contemporary writers addicted to homo-sexuality, but he can name in their connection an outstanding tennis champion, a statesman or two, a number of actors and actresses.

This trio is merely a sample of the type of intellectual leaders that get paid for molding the brains of our young college intellectuals. Multiply Profs. X, Y., and Z., by ten thousand, drape them around the desks in New York University, Columbia, C. C. N. Y., Harvard, Yale, University of Pittsburgh, Amherst, etc., etc. and you have a picture of the leadership of the American classroom.

In the recent past the youngsters that came from the reality of the shop, the factory and mine, from the farmlands—and there are considerable numbers of these in every university—were perverted by these professors. Before they knew it, these sons of the proletariat, began bearing green-covered magazines under-arm, a copy of the *Nation* in their pocket, and saying audibly, not giving a damn who hears it, that they "don't care what road the world takes to hell."

They were ready to "judge all things impersonally." Their impersonality consisted chiefly in donning a pair of smoked glasses and seeing all things equally dark. One of them said to me recently, "I guess I'm what you'd call a liberal. I can stand on the fence and see what's going on in both yards." And these young "liberals" become so adept that they can censure John Pierpont Morgan in one breath and then invoke the wrath of a godless Heaven upon the Communists.

But with the crisis, with the evaporation of the prosperity miasma, we observe a retreat from the Ivory Tower. Not only our sons of the proletariat, but the sons of our intellectuals, and of our petty-bourgeoisie, are beginning to blink in the brilliant light given off by the heat of the growing class-struggle.

This retreat from the Ivory Tower will grow into rout-proportions in no long period. The students have begun to discover the exact depth of Professors X., Y., and Z. They find that from these mediocre, and even Fascist, authorities, comes no explanation—no good word—on this fury that's going on about them.

The students will begin to discover what their professors have so earnestly sought to hide under bushels of irrelevant nonsense.



"WE MUST KEEP AMERICA WHOLE, AND SAFE, AND UNSPOILED"—AL CAPONE

The collegians, brought to their senses, are discovering despite the million-dollar endowed chairs of psychology that the Jukes, progeny of perverts and misfits, are not indigenous to the working-class. They will see flaws in the countenance of Wall Street. Soon they will see the entire grotesquerie of the stock-market civilization.

Then it will not matter to them that for years U. of P. football teams have been excellent on the defensive but poor on the offensive. They will not heed so much the fact that the endowment fund is growing, the gymnasium is attaining gigantic capacity, that the football arena will soon be as big as the state of Rhode Island.

It will matter more to them that Hoover wears no aureole of wisdom. That Morrow of the House of Morgan was no Mahatma; that Mahatma Gandhi is but a reactionary prophet of his own navel.

There is a growing rebellion inside the ivy-clad walls against defeatism. There is resentment against the retreat from science which points an inexorable index-finger at the correctness of dialectic materialism.

The students from the lower classes will refuse to swallow hook and sinker the jibberish of "humanism". They will not don sackcloth and ashes and go beating their breasts in the crusades among the bourgeois intellectuals and liberals toward mysticism, Jesus and the Catholic church.

1931 is far more than 17 years beyond 1914. We can take for granted that despite the miserable Cahans who damn with faint praise ("Marx was a great man but he died in 1873") these strata of students will begin to exploit their own judgements.

Their logic sharpened by the class struggle will discover and is discovering Marxism irrefutable—and those honest, sincere, and those whose stomachs will teach them inexorable truths, will accept Leninism.

Mortimer Lowell

Mortimer Lowell, parasite  
(His birth a social treason)  
Preserved his virtues out of sight  
And mildly sinned in season.

A life of patient elegance  
Displayed no bruise of passion  
Save for some trivial surface dents  
Endured for sake of fashion.

He called no man a friend or foe  
Though once he took the notion  
To breed a puny son or so  
(Begot without emotion).

The world bestowed nor scorn nor laugh  
On Mortimer, who passed through it  
His whole life one dull epitaph:  
He died and never knew it.

JEROME CUTTING





"WE MUST KEEP AMERICA WHOLE, AND SAFE, AND UNSPOILED"—AL CAPONE

Mortimer Lowell

**LANGSTON HUGHES****SCOTTSBORO, LIMITED** A One Act Play

**CHARACTERS:** *Eight Black Boys, A White Man, Two White Women, Eight White Workers, Voices in the audience.*

**SETTING:** *One chair on a raised platform. No curtains or other effects needed.*

**THE PLAY OPENS:** *The eight Black Boys, chained by the right foot, one to the other, walk slowly down the center aisle from the back of the auditorium. As they approach the middle of the house, there is a loud commotion, and the White Man rises in the audience.*

**Man:** *(To boys)* What are you doing here? *(The Black Boys continue marching without turning their heads. The Man shouts louder, and more sternly.)* What are you-all doing in here? *(As the Boys mount the stage, the Man rushes up to them threateningly.)* What the hell are you doing in here, I said?

**1st Boy:** *(Turning simply)*

We come in our chains  
To show our pain.

**Man:** *(Sneeringly)* Your pain! Stop talking poetry and talk sense.

**8th Boy:** *(As they line up on the stage)*

All right, we will—  
That sense of injustice  
That death can't kill.

**Man:** Injustice? What d'yuh mean? Talking about injustice, you coon?

**2nd Boy:** *(Pointing to his comrades)*

Look at us then:  
Poor, black, and ignorant,  
Can't read or write—  
But we come here tonight.

**Man:** *(Sitting down jauntily on the edge of stage)* Not supposed to read or write. You work better without it.

**1st Boy:** *(Shrugging his shoulders)*

O. K. Chief,  
We won't argue with you.  
Tonight there's  
Too much else to do.

**Man:** Now that you got the public eye, you want to show off, heh?

**2nd Boy:** *(Seriously)* Not show off—die!

**5th Boy:** *(Earnestly)*

So the people can see  
What it means to be  
A poor black workman  
In this land of the free.

**2nd Boy:** *(Harshly)*

Where every star in the flag  
Is stained with a lie!

**Man:** Do you want to get arrested for treason?

**8th Boy:**

We're already in jail.  
Have you got a darker cell  
Any worse  
Than this—here Southern Hell?

**7th Boy:** Can a man die twice?

**Man:** You-all ain't dead.

**8th Boy:** *(Defiantly)*

No, but we will be dead  
If we stay quiet here.  
That's why we come tonight  
To lift our troubles high.  
Like a flag against the sky.

**2nd Boy:**

To show that we're living—  
Even though we die.

**3rd Boy:**

To let the world see  
That even in chains  
We will be free!

**4th Boy:** Watch this play for our misery: *(The chains break away, and the Boys find themselves on a moving freight train. They sit down in a haphazard line on the stage, as though they*

*were seated on the top of boxcars, rocking back and forth as the train moves.)*

**6th Boy:** *(Happily)*

Man this train sho is speedin'!  
Look a-yonder at de Sunny South.

**4th Boy:**

I wish I had some sugar cane in ma mouth.  
I'se hongry!

**7th Boy:**

Well it's sho too bad  
How when you ain't got no job  
Things get sad.

**5th Boy:**

I ain't got no job.

**1st Boy:** Neither is I, but I wish I had.

**2nd Boy:** Looks like white folks is taking all de work.

**5th Boy:** Is niggers got *exclusive* rights on work?

**3rd Boy:** Shut up, boy!

**4th Boy:** He ain't joking, Perk.

**2nd Boy:**

All them little town jobs we used to do,  
Looks like white folks is doin' 'em now, too.

**1st Boy:** Just goes to prove there ain't no pure nigger work.

**6th Boy:** *(In wonder)*

Look a-yonder you-all, at dem fields  
Burstin' wid de crops they yields.  
Who gets it all?

**3rd Boy:** White folks.

**8th Boy:** You means de rich white folks.

**2nd Boy:**

Yes, 'cause de rich ones owns de land.  
And they don't care nothin' 'bout de po' white man.

**3rd Boy:**

You's right. Crackers is just like me—  
Po' whites and niggers, ain't neither one free.

**8th Boy:** Have to work like a fool to live and then you starve dead.

**4th Boy:** Man, this country is sho too bad! *(The train stops and the rocking motion of the Boys ceases... One or two of them get up and stretch.)*

**3rd Boy:** Uh-O! This train done stopped. Where is this?

**7th Boy:** Well, wherever it is, I'm gonna take a—. *(Turning his back.)*

**5th Boy:** No, you ain't. Can't you see this is a town?

**Man:** *(As sheriff, at foot of stage, with a police star and a club)* Come on, you niggers, and get down.

**6th Boy:** Uh-ooooo! Yonder stands the sheriff!

**2nd Boy:** Ha-ha-ha! Uh!

**3rd Boy:** Fool, this ain't no time to laugh.

**Sheriff:** Come on and get down off that train!

**6th Boy:** Yes, sir, Mister Boss Man!

**4th Boy:** Soon's we can. *(The boys climb down.)*

**Sheriff:** *(To boys who line up before him)* What you-all doin' on that train?

**Boys:**

Just tryin' to bum our way on through  
To Memphis where maybe there's work to do.

**Sheriff:** *(Yelling up the line)* Get everybody off this train, deputy. *(To Boys)* Stand over there, boys. *(Shouting to deputy)* What you say? Some girls getting off dressed in overalls? White girls? *(To himself)* Whee-oooo! *(To the Boys)* What you-all doin' on the same train with them white women there?

**Boys:** *(In wonder)* Where?

**Sheriff:** There!

**Boys:** Where?

**Sheriff:** *(Fiercely)* You'll see where! Get back and let these white ladies by. *(While the succeeding action goes on the Boys get behind the chair, four on each side in a line—convicts already.)*

**Mob voices in audience:** *(Murmuring and muttering)* Damned niggers... white girls and niggers riding together... nerve of them niggers... had no business in there... etc.

*Sheriff: (As the two white girls enter left, powdered and painted, but dressed in overalls.) What you doin', girls? Out for a ride?*

*1st Girl: Yes, sir.*

*Sheriff: Where to?*

*1st Girl: Goin' home, I reckon.*

*Sheriff: Where?*

*2nd Girl: Huntsville.*

*Sheriff: And these niggers on the train with you?*

*1st Girl: Ain't seen 'em before.*

*Sheriff: Ain't these black brutes been botherin' you?*

*Girls: No, they ain't been near.*

*Sheriff: Is that true? (Sternly) Ain't they had their hands on you?*

*Girls: (Wavering) Well, they...er...*

*Sheriff: (Positively) I knew it! Which one of these black apes touched you?*

*Girls: Why...er....*

*Sheriff: We'll have a trial and burn 'em up. And you'll get paid for testifying, and your pictures in the paper. Which ones?*

*1st Girl: That two there.*

*Sheriff: Two? You sho it wasn't more?*

*2nd Girl: No, we ain't sure.*

*1st Girl: It might-a been all right.*

*Sheriff: All right? A trial's too good for black bastards like that. (Pompously) But we owe it to the state. (He parades sternly up to the raised chair. He is the judge now and, as he mounts the legal bench, he puts on a black gown that has been lying there. The Girls slip off their overalls, displaying cheap loud dresses underneath, and powder their faces tittering. It is the court room, and the black prisoners come forward before the judge. The trial is conducted in jazz tempo: the white voices staccato, high and shrill; the black voices deep as the rumble of drums.)*

*Mob voices: (Murmuring) Imagine a trial for niggers... a trial for niggers... a trial for niggers... etc.*

*Judge: (From the chair) The State of Alabama versus Andy Butler, Willie Johnson, Clarence Bates, Olen Jones, Ozie Jenkins, Roy Perkins, Ted Lucas, and Haywood Lane. (The Girls sit, one on either side of the stage, grinning and pleased) You raped that girl? (Pointing at each boy in turn.)*

*1st Boy: No.*

*Judge: You raped that girl? (Pointing from one girl to the other in rotation.)*

*2nd Boy: No.*

*Judge: You raped that girl?*

*3rd Boy: No.*

*Judge: You raped that girl?*

*4th Boy: No.*

*Judge: You raped that girl?*

*5th Boy: No.*

*Judge: You raped that girl?*

*6th Boy: No.*

*Judge: You raped that girl?*

*7th Boy: No.*

*Judge: You raped that girl?*

*8th Boy: No.*

*Judge: (To Girls) How about it girls?*

*1st Girl: They lie!*

*2nd Girl: They raped us in a box car underneath the sky.*

*Judge: You niggers lie.*

*Boys: We lie... White man always says we lie... Makes us work and says we lie... Takes our money and says we lie.*

*Judge: Shut up. No talking back in the court. (Pointing at each one in turn) You had a gun.*

*1st Boy: No.*

*Judge: You had a gun.*

*2nd Boy: No, sir.*

*Judge: You had a gun.*

*3rd Boy: (Shaking head) Not one.*

*Judge: You had a gun.*

*4th Boy: Not nary one.*

*Judge: You had a gun.*

*5th Boy: We didn't have none.*

*Judge: You had a gun.*

*6th Boy: No gun.*

*Judge: You had a gun!*

*7th Boy: No, sir, none.*

*Judge: You had a gun.*

*8th Boy: No gun.*



William Gropper

*Judge: How about it, girls?*

*1st Girl: They lie.*

*2nd Girl: They all had guns.*

*Judge: (To Boys) You all had guns. (To Girls) And they raped you, one by one. (Girls nod heads) How long did it take? How long was it?*

*1st Girl: Why they didn't even let us up to spit!*

*2nd Girl: It was rough!*

*Judge: To spit what?*

*Girls: Snuff!*

*Judge: You hear that, Jury? This court is done.*

*1st Girl: Convict these brutes. (Smiling at audience).*

*2nd Girl: Every black one. (Also smiling)*

*Mob voices: Convict 'em! Ever damn black one!*

*Judge: Don't worry, folks, 'tis done.*

*Mob voices: Kill the niggers! Keep 'em in their places! Make an example of 'm for all the black races... etc.*

*Boys: (Rising and circling round and round the chair echoing the angry mob) Kill the niggers! Keep them in their places! Make an example of 'em for all the black races, for all the black races, for all the black races.*

*Judge: (Descending from the bench, to audience) Don't worry folks, the law will take its course. They'll burn, and soon at that. (He and the Girls exit, talking and smiling)*

*Mob voices: (Applauding and shouting) Make it soon. Kill the niggers. Let 'em die.*

*Boys: (Echoing the Voices) Make it soon. Let us die. Make it soon. Soon. Soon.*

*6th Boy: (Breaking away from the dumb circle) No, no, no! What do they want to kill us for?*

*3rd Boy: I'll break free! (The Boys divide up into groups of two's now, in a row across the stage, in the cells of the death house, some of them sitting down, some of them weeping, some of them pushing against the bars with their hands.)*

*2nd Boy:*

How you gonna git out o' here  
With these iron bars and this stone wall  
And the guards outside and the  
Guns and all?

*8th Boy:*

There ain't no way for a nigger to break free,  
They got us beaten, and that's how we gonna be  
Unless we learn to understand—  
We gotta fight our way out like a man.

*5th Boy: Not out o' here.*

*4th Boy:*

No, not out o' here,  
Unless the ones on the outside  
Fight for us, too,  
We'll die—and then we'll be through.

*Mob voices:*

You oughta be through—  
Oughta be through.  
In this white man's land  
There's no place for you.

*Murmur of Red voices: (In audience)*

We'll fight for you, boys. We'll fight for you.  
The Reds will fight for you.

*6th Boy:*

We'll die, and then we'll all be through—  
Through livin', through lovin', through lookin'  
at the sky.  
I don't wanta die.

*8th Boy:*

Who does want to die?  
That's why all the free black men  
Have got to fight,  
Or else we'll all die in poverty's night.

*3rd Boy: You're right.*

*Red voices:*

We'll fight! The Communists will fight for you.  
Not just black—but black and white.

*3rd Boy: Then we'll trust in you.*

*Man: (Become the Prison Keeper now, marching across the front of the cell-row with a long stick in his hand.)*

Shut up in there, with your plots and plans.  
Don't you niggers know yet this is a white man's land?  
And I'm the keeper, understand.



8th Boy:

We ain't half as low as you!  
Paid to kill people, that's what you do.  
Not just niggers—but your white brothers too.

Red voices: (*Stronger now*)

That's true! True!

Prison Keeper: (*Striking boy*) Shut up!

8th Boy:

I won't shut up.  
I've nobody to talk for me,  
So I'll talk for myself, see.

Red Voices: And the red flag, too, will talk for you.

1st Boy:

Listen, boys! That's true—they've sent a lawyer  
to talk for me and you.

6th Boy: But they told us not to bother with a communist.

8th Boy: But who else is there will help us out o' this?

3rd Boy:

And not just us, but help all the black South  
Hungry for freedom, and bread, and new words in  
their mouth.

Man: (*Entering this time as a Preacher, sanctified, with a Bible  
in his hand.*)

Ashes to ashes and dust to dust—  
If the law don't kill you then the lynchers must.  
(*Piously*) I've come to say a little prayer  
Before you go away from here.

3rd Boy: (*Questioning*)

A prayer to a white God in a white sky?  
We don't want that kind of prayer to die.

6th Boy:

I want a prayer!  
(*The Death Bell rings*)  
Oh, Lord, I want a prayer.

8th Boy:

No prayer! No prayer!  
Lemme out o' here.  
Take me on to the chair  
With no God damn prayer.  
(*To the Preacher*)  
May they choke in your mouth,  
Every praying white lie!

Preacher: (*In horror, hurrying out*) Let the niggers die!

Mob voices: Let 'em die!

8th Boy: (*Starting on the march to the chair, walking straight  
across the stage to the center, then turning, straight back to the  
Electric Chair where he seats himself, unafraid, slipping his hands  
into the cords that bind him to the arms of the chair.*)

Because I talked out loud, you kill me first:  
Death in the flesh is the fighters curse.

Mob voices: Yes, you must die! Let the nigger die! Let all of  
'em die!

8th Boy:

Let all of us die:  
That's what the mobs cry.  
All I've ever known:  
Let the niggers die!  
All my life long:  
Let the niggers die!

Boys: (*Helplessly crouching back at the foot  
of chair.*)

Let us die! Let us die!

Mob voices:

Let 'em die!  
Beat 'em! Shoot 'em!  
Hang 'em with a rope,  
Burn 'em in the chair.  
Let 'em choke.

Boys:

Burn us in the chair!  
The chair! The Chair!  
Burn us in the chair!

8th Boy:

Burn me in the chair?  
NO!  
(*He breaks his bonds and rises,  
tall and strong.*)  
NO! For me not so!

Let the meek and humble turn the other cheek—

I am not humble!

I am not meek!

From the mouth of the death house

Hear me speak!

Red voices: Hear him speak! Hear him speak!

Mob voices: Shut up, you God-damn nigger!

Red voices: Hear him speak!

Boys: Hear us speak!

8th Boy:

All the world, listen!  
Beneath the wide sky  
In all the black lands  
Will echo this cry:  
I will not die!

Boys: We will NOT DIE!

Mob voices: (*Snarling*)

Quick! Quick! Death there!  
The chair! The electric chair!

8th Boy:

No chair!  
Too long have my hands been idle  
Too long have my brains been dumb.  
Now out of the darkness  
The new Red Negro will come:  
That's me!

No death in the chair!

Boys: (*Rising*) No death in the chair!

Red voices: (*Rising in audience*) NO DEATH IN THE CHAIR!

Boys: NO DEATH IN THE CHAIR!

(*They circle platform and lifting the electric chair up, they smash  
it on the stage.*)

NO DEATH IN THE CHAIR!

Mob voices: (*Roaring helplessly*) Aw-w-w-ooo-aw!

Red voices:

No death in the chair.  
Together, we'll make the world clean and fair.

8th Boy:

Too long have we stood  
For the whip and the rope.

Red voices: Too long! Too long!

8th Boy:

Too long have we labored  
Poor, without hope.

Boys: Too long!

Red voices: Too long!

8th Boy:

Too long have we suffered  
Alone.

Boys: Alone!

8th Boy: But not now!

Red voices: No, not now.

8th Boy:

The voice of the red world  
Is our voice, too.

Red voices: The voice of the red world is you!

8th Boy:

The hands of the red world  
Are our hands, too.

Red voices: The hands of the red world are  
you!

8th Boy:

With all of the workers,  
Black or white,  
We'll go forward  
Out of the night.

Boys: Out of the night.

8th Boy:

Breaking down bars,  
Together.

Boys: Together.

Red voices: Together.

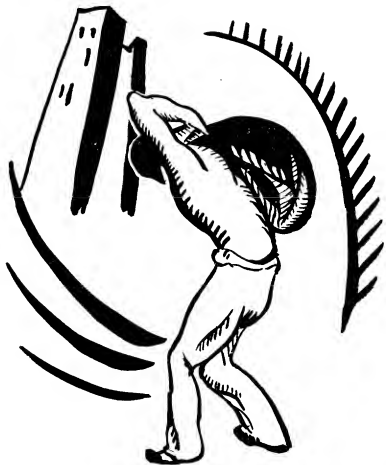
(*The Red Voices of the white workers come  
forward toward the stage.*)

Boys: (*Breaking their bars and coming for-  
ward toward the front of the stage to meet their  
white comrades.*) Seeking the stars!

Red voices: Seeking the stars of hope and  
life.



Hugh R. Collins



*Hugh R. Collins*



Thanksgiving Dinner

"... AND I BOUGHT THE APPLE FROM THE UNEMPLOYED!"

Walter Steinhilber

8th Boy: Not afraid of the struggle.

Boys: Not afraid of the strife.

Red voices: Not afraid to fight:

8th Boy: For new life!

Boys: New life!

Red voices: New life!

(The white workers and black workers meet on the stage)

Boys: Comrades!

Red voices: Comrades!

(They clasp hands and line up in a row of alternating blacks and whites.)

Boys: Joining hands to build the right.

Red voices: White and black!

Boys: Black and white!

8th Boy: To live, not die!

All: To fight! To fight!

8th Boy:

In the heart of a fighter, death is a lie:

O, my black people, you need not die!

Red voices: All the down trodden—you need not die!

Audience: We need not die! We need not die!

8th Boy:

Black and white together

Will fight the great fight

To put greed and pain

And the color line's blight

Out of the world

Into time's old night.

Boys and Reds: All hands together will furnish the might.

Audience: All hands together will furnish the might.

Red voices: Rise from the dead, workers, and fight!

Boys:

All together, black and white,

Up from the darkness into the light.

All: Rise, workers, and fight!

Audience: Fight! Fight! Fight! Fight!

(Here the Internationale may be sung and the red flag raised above the heads of the black and white workers together.)

THE END.

## Red Soldiers Singing

Soldiers marching in the rain

Send their voices through the night,

Rolling out the loud refrain:

Workers of the world unite!

The street rings with their mighty tread,

Their pointed bayonets shine bright;

Proud and young the soldier's head

(Workers of the world unite!)

Moscow: 1931

DAVID ABARBANEL

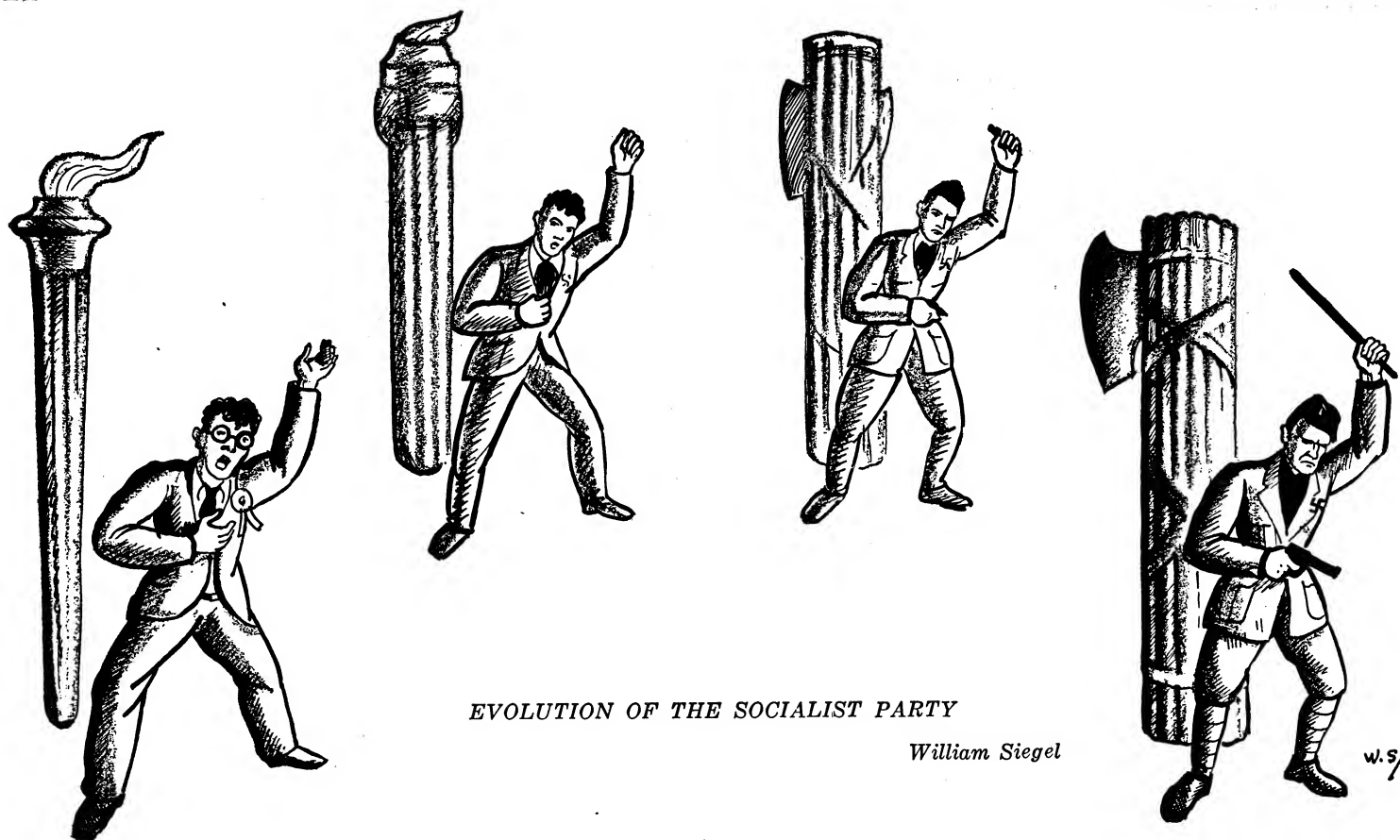




*Thanksgiving Dinner*

"... AND I BOUGHT THE APPLE FROM THE UNEMPLOYED!"

*Walter Steinhilber*



EVOLUTION OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY

William Siegel

## SCIENCE IN SOVIET RUSSIA by Hyman Rosen

Practically nothing has been written about Soviet science in the United States. Economists and statisticians have noted that the agricultural or electrical plans of the Soviet Union are being successfully carried out because of some mechanical invention or scientific investigation; but almost never is Soviet science discussed in its proper important perspective. This conspicuous neglect of Soviet science has been continued in the face of the fact that obviously the formula for the successful transition from Capitalism to Socialism involves, among other important things, science and planned economic construction.

Several factors have been responsible for this neglect. By and large economic and political workers, even in the Soviet Union, are unfortunately illiterate when it comes to matters of science. Furthermore Soviet scientists until recently were cut off from the great body of world science both by the difficulties of their language and the political isolation of the Soviet Union. As a result the average scientist in America, had the notion that science, especially so-called "pure" science, had been actually banned by the Soviet authorities.

This last notion was of course a very stupid one, based upon the equally silly idea that the only technical and scientific workers in the Soviet Union were Americans and Germans. The Soviet government, far from even slowing down scientific research, is continually encouraging and expanding scientific investigation. No one is more keenly aware of the fact that the enormous program of the *Piatiletka* is indissolubly bound up with scientific work and scientific workers. In order to make scientific workers more acutely realize their important role in a Socialist scheme of things the Soviet government recently called together at Moscow the All-Union Conference on Planning Scientific Research. At this conference the problems of formulating a coordinated plan of scientific research for the numerous specialized branches of science, of endowing research laboratories and institutes, and of bringing even the more abstract fields of science more closely into contact with the working masses, were all thoroughly discussed and various programs for unified scientific effort and planned techniques were drawn up.

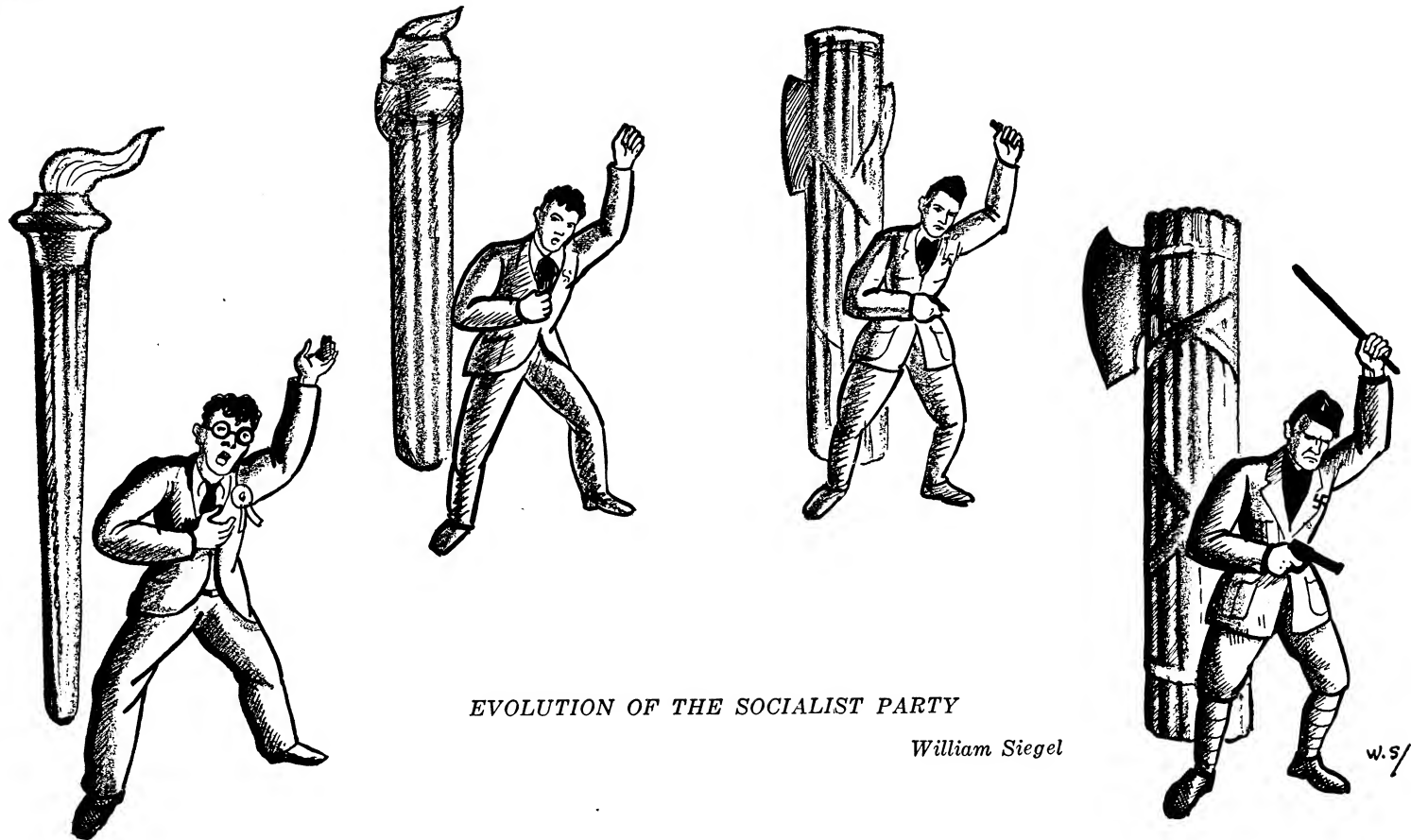
But even those familiar with Soviet achievements in science raise the question: But what about disinterested research? What

about the Soviet insistence that science emphasize technology? Without stopping to define the word "disinterested" (as one properly should) one must answer: Yes! For the time being, because of certain socio-economic conditions, the Soviets are emphasizing technological science. But then, for that matter, even the so-called benefactors of science in capitalistic countries do not give large sums of money to be spent in the main on abstract science. Their money is usually given to institutes of technology and foundations of research that periodically make the proud announcement that, due to their benefactor's disinterested kindness, their corps of scientists have finally discovered an edible wood-pulp or a tooth paste that will not stain gold teeth.

Despite the temporary and necessary emphasis of the Soviet government upon technology, science is of course something more than mere experimental discovery and applied variations of these empirical discoveries. Science as mere technology would soon degenerate to a culture habit fulfilling certain socio-economic needs. In order to progress, science must always be a fusion of abstract and applied science. Actually science as a discipline of knowledge in any cultural scheme, capitalist or socialist, is always systematized positive knowledge, a cumulative and progressive synthesis of abstract verifiable theories and experimental facts. This means that in science there is a constant and essential interaction between newly announced theories and newly discovered facts. The facts, in the last analysis, are of course the final criterion. They are the sole verification of speculative scientific theories.

The verifiability of scientific theories by scientific facts is very important for any understanding of abstract science. It means that theoretical science, unlike mathematics, for example, is not disinterested in the full sense of the word. In point of fact, science is violently prejudiced. It works from the presupposition that all factors that do not help to correlate scientific facts from the known to unknown, are unimportant, and must be neglected in any competent scientific analysis.

The aim of theoretical science, as in physics, for example, is to avoid complicated and cumbersome methods of reasoning by the use of mathematical techniques that involve almost effortless symbolic reasoning. Theoretical scientists usually employ similar



*EVOLUTION OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY*

*William Siegel*

methods of procedure, although their mathematical tools may differ. All of them first deduce purely symbolic relationships. These relationships are then given physical meaning. That is, the abstract mathematical symbols are "translated" into logical propositions concerning quantities and magnitudes. These propositions before being accepted by science must be verified experimentally. It must again be emphasized that scientific theory can be nothing more than the correlation of scientific facts. It can never be, if meaningful, mere abstract speculation. Thus theoretical science is an indispensable symbolic pattern that connects one set of previously observed facts with another set that can be discovered experimentally. There is a constant interaction between experimental and theoretical science. The theoretical deductions of Newton lead to the experimental science of mechanics; and, in turn, the experimental discoveries of Faraday lead to the theoretical electro-magnetics of Clerk Maxwell.

Thus, it is not science *solely* as technology that is all important in the formula of Socialism. It is technology plus theoretical research. For technology without theoretical research would soon turn to mere craftsmanship. Scientific theory is the key that will unlock further unknown regions of knowledge which in turn will lead to many new practical applications.

How important even so abstract a subject as mathematical physics can be in opening up new fields of empirical research is very well illustrated by the marvelous work done in astronomical and atomic physics.

With reference to the most difficult of scientific subjects, relativity and atomic physics, it is especially interesting to note that an amazing amount of work is being done in this hardest of fields by Soviet physicists. This quite refutes the absurd notion that in the Soviet Union all new developments of mathematics and physics are hindered by political "dogma." Considering the "storm tempo" of Soviet revolutionary life, it is startling to discover work as important as that of J. Frenkel and A. Joffe at Leningrad, of G. I. Pokrowsky and Ilin at Moscow, and of Tartakowsky at Tomsk. Following is a fragmentary list, taken at random, of Soviet scientists who have contributed to English and German periodicals:

S. Bressler, M. Dubinin, M. Eliaishewich, J. Frenkel, B. Hochberg, A. Joffe, V. Joffe, P. Kobeko, V. Kondratjew, J. Kurtschatow, B. Nekrassow, G. I. Pokrowsky, S. Rosinsky, D. Rojansky, L. Rosenkewitch, W. Sementschenko, K. Senelnikow, W. Tarassoff, P. Tartakowsky, A. Terenin.

Especial mention must be made of Dr. J. Frenkel, Professor of Theoretical Physics at the Physico-Technical Rontgen Institute of Leningrad. Professor Frenkel is one of the twelve or fifteen men who are really at home in the new and difficult field of atomic mechanics. This branch of physics has still to be given a definitive treatment comparable to that which Newton gave to classical mechanics. Atomic mechanics is now passing through the stage of critical exposition. In the critical evaluation of competing theories, Professor Frenkel's book (*Einführung in die Wellenmechanik*) ranks as one of the important introductions to the theoretical study of the atom.

Science, undoubtedly, will occupy an important, if not the most important part, in the socialist culture-complex. For as the Soviet Union has empirically demonstrated, the problem of eradicating the distinction between back-breaking physical labor and mental labor, can only be solved successfully with the aid of science. Furthermore, science will take on important meaning as the masses of workers absorb even its most difficult provinces. Perhaps one of the great triumphs of Socialism will come when the masses liquidate not only their present socio-political illiteracy but also their scientific illiteracy.

These views are confirmed, in certain essential points, by an article recently published by Nicholas Bukharin, bolshevik theoretician, in *The New Statesman and Nation* (London, entitled *Science and Politics in the Soviet Union*). Referring to the emphasis which the Soviet Union places on the technological development of science, Bukharin says:

"It would be quite wrong to draw the conclusion from this, that we are by this means falling into the narrow practicalism of the American type. For planned economy requires the synthesis of all branches of learning, the synthesis of theory and practice, and that on a social scale . . . It means the realization of the vital purpose of science, the maximum combination of theory and practice, the increasing bridging of the abyss between physical and intellectual labor."

**Leon Dennen**

## Soviet Literature

### A Review of Periodicals—

Because the Soviet Union is now in a transition period, whatever is current today may be cast into antiquity tomorrow. Many dominant literary theories and tendencies that arose since the October revolution have long been forgotten. Futurism took the place of symbolism, which in turn was substituted by constructivism, etc. All these theories have, of course, contributed greatly to the development of Soviet Literature. But as the main object of Soviet literature is to reproduce and reflect the life of the vast majority of the Russian population—the workers and peasants, Soviet writers, employing the dialectical materialist method, are constantly in search of a method that would be *of* and *for* the masses of Russia. Thus retaining the best of the old literature, they strive to create a new one.

*Ocherkism*-sketchism, is the most recent development in Soviet literature. Historically, the sketch has always been the most common form of writing for the beginning proletarian writer. In a sketch he is able to reproduce personal reactions, combined with their political aspect. The sketch, for instance, or its transition form—sketch-story—has been the most popular form of writing in the *New Masses*. (Cruden, Kalar, Russak, etc.) Nor is it new in Russian literature. Turgenev in his *Notes of A Hunter*, Saltykov-Schedrin in *Provincial Sketches*, have employed the sketch very effectively many years ago. But just as proletarian literature in general differs from the literature of other classes, so does the proletarian sketch differ from the sketch of the bourgeoisie.

"The fundamental object of the proletarian sketch," writes G. Korabelnikov in *Oktiabr* (October)—organ of the Association of Russian Proletarian Writers, March 1931, "is the description of objects, events which impressed the writer, or the communication of inner reaction—a subjective evaluation of that which he observes". The bourgeois writer sits for months and years in his literary bohemia. He lives in a narrow circle of literary problems waiting for "inspiration from above." Suddenly he becomes inspired and rushes out to gather impressions. He either goes to the "city slums" or to some place in the "wilderness." Having thus enriched himself with impressions, themes, material from life, the bourgeois writer proceeds to weave his new and artificial artistic cobwebs. He moralizes, lives through and reflects.

The proletarian sketchist, on the other hand, says Korabelnikov, is not an observer, but an active participant of that reality which he describes. Moreover, he becomes a writer as a result of his participation in the life of a particular section of the socialist construction. This phenomenal development of sketchism in the Soviet Union, is an organic outgrowth of the literary *shock brigades*. Not only do the worker-correspondents utilize it to describe the life in their factory, mine or *kolchoz*, (farm collectives), but the sketch form is often used by well-known Soviet writers to describe the minute details of the particular industry they investigate.

Even for Shakespeare, Plechanov once said, it would be difficult to portray the masses. Of course, a Soviet collective is not composed of masses, in the sense of the raw, exploited masses of capitalist society. (Although bourgeois esthetes would like to paint it as such.) The Communist collective develops not a "general" human personality, but a communistic one—a personality that is richer and more developed than the bourgeois "individual". But traditional literature is more adapted to reproduce an individual or individuals than a collective. Also in fiction, the author must often introduce an artificial element for the sake of the plot, while in a sketch, the writer having come in intimate contact with the object of his description, is able to reproduce its most intimate details.

At best, however, the sketch is a higher form of Journalism. Does that mean that journalism will take the place of the specific (esthetic) form of literature? Ivan Zhiga, a well known *ocherkist* himself, believes that the prophecy of Plechanov has already come about, that journalism has already encroached upon the field of literature and is there to stay. But not all Soviet critics agree with Zhiga. "No matter in what genre the proletarian writer works", concludes Korabelnikov, "whether it be the drama, sketch

or fiction, his work must be a work of literature . . . Proletarian literature should produce such work that will express the ideas of the proletariat in artistic images."

At any rate, it is already high time, that we here in America, where the word *journalism* is the curse hurled upon proletarian writers, recognize *good journalism* as a legitimate brother of good literature.

#### *Romanticism And Realism—*

At the second plenum of the All-Union United Association of Proletarian Writers—"WOAPP", delegates were present from all republics of the U. S. S. R., including the Uzbecks, Turkomen and Tadjiks from middle Asia. One of the most fundamental questions discussed at this plenum, as reported by B. Kovalenko in *Oktiabr* of July 1931, was the danger of the false interpretation of the slogan "Culture, national in form, proletarian in content." Hiding under the cloak of "national in form" various opportunist elements in the Ukraine and White Russia, have developed a bourgeois nationalistic theory which proclaims a *national orientation instead of a class orientation*. The plenum successfully combated this false theory, pointing out that "the Leninist politics as related to national cultures, is to build a culture national in form and proletarian socialistic in content." And in order to do that it would be necessary to fight against the underestimation of the class struggle as well as against local nationalism and chauvinism.

The second basic question discussed was: *The path of development of proletarian and Soviet literature*. As they are generally described, Romanticism and Realism are two of the most important and influential tendencies in Soviet literature today.

Romanticism, Kovalenko points out, is a polished idealization and one-sided conception of modern reality. Sometimes this schematic conception is expressed in a pseudo-revolutionary phraseology, or a "revolutionary" optimism, which tends to minimize all the obstacles and contradictions that lie on the path of socialist construction. Optimistic romanticists sing superficial *odes of praise* instead of portraying competently life in its dialectical process.

On the other extreme, is the romanticist—defeatist. He, too, sees a one-sided life, but one not of optimism but pessimism. This type of a romanticist when accosted by the everyday problems and difficulties of life, becomes panic stricken and falls into "a righteous melancholy". Instead, reality for him is something helpless, without any perspective—a reality that offers no "escape" to the "individual."

The realistic movement, on the other hand, sees reality as a dialectical process of the class struggle. The realistic movement is neither static nor detached. It does not isolate conditionally the "positive" side of life from the "negative." Unlike romanticism, Soviet realism portrays a *class-man*, his place in the class struggle, and how the class struggle affects the psychology and ideology of this man. The realists reproduce the life of workers, farmers, professional revolutionists as well as the enemies of the working class, the capitalists, but their portrayal of these types is done dialectically. They do not divide their types into super geniuses with "perpetual virtues" and "opera scoundrels." The realists' approach is elastic, viewing the individual monistically.

#### *Maxim Gorki Comes Home—*

Maxim Gorki, who recently returned to Moscow from Sorrenti, became a member of the literary shock-brigades upon his return. As late as 1928 in an open letter to a worker, Gorki wrote: "I still want to live and work. When I am through with my third novel, I shall probably go in for journalism, in order to come in closer contact with life and especially with the youth."

Gorki's unconditional acceptance of the Soviet government, writes D. Zaslavsky in *Na Literaturnom Postu—(On The Literary Post)* of April 1931, is a sore spot to the bourgeoisie in general and to the white guard emigres in particular.

At one time the cultural intelligentsia of Russia considered Gorki as one of the greatest writers. After the publication of the novels *Mother*, *Enemies*, *Bystander*, they suddenly discovered that Gorki was "through." Our American esthetes, for instance, have but recently in reviewing *The Bystander* and *The Magnet*, decided that while Gorki was a good short story writer he was, indeed a bad novelist. And yet, if literature is supposed to reflect life, *The Bystander* and *The Magnet* are alive to every problem that

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JACK CONROY, Editor,

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confronts the Soviet Union today. They are an excellent expose of the prototypes that compose the "Industrial Party". They are, as the well known Soviet critic Auerbach points out, an ideological execution of the Ramzins. Why did the bourgeoisie turn away from its beloved author of *At the Bottom*? Because, answered Plechanov when he heard that *At the Bottom* was a success in Berlin, while the *Enemies* was a failure, "A well presented bum (*lumpenproletarier*) interests the bourgeois lover of art, but a well portrayed class-conscious worker, calls forth in him many unpleasant reactions."

LEON DENNEN



# BOOKS

*The Soviets Conquer Wheat*, by Anna Louise Strong, (Illustrated), Henry Holt and Co., \$2.50.

In February, 1930, Anna Louise Strong wrote to her friends in the United States that she could not come home in the spring as she had previously planned. "I want to stay and see the biggest revolution yet take place—the rural revolution." A few weeks later she sent to International Pamphlets a short manuscript which made it very clear to us why she had stayed. It told of the sowing for a harvest which she later described as the "most important harvest that has ever occurred since prehistoric man first learned to cast grain on the soil for food."

We titled her pamphlet *Modern Farming—Soviet Style*, and it has been one of the best sellers in the International ten cent series edited by Labor Research Association. The same pamphlet was translated into French and German and a companion pamphlet on tractor stations had a first edition of 300,000 in the Soviet Union. Because she was writing about such a timely and important subject, Miss Strong has become overnight what might be called a mass pamphleteer for the collectivization of agriculture. She had seen with her own eyes, and on the most strategic fronts—Siberia, Ukraine, Turkestan—the full drama of the planting and the reaping that truly revolutionized the Russian countryside.

The book she has now written, *The Soviets Conquer Wheat*, is worthy of the same wide circulation her pamphlets receive. For it describes with intimate and enthusiastic detail the whole process which unfolded during those crucial months when millions of Russian farmers were enrolled into collective farms, when kulaks were being liquidated, when state farms were multiplying their acreage, when tractor stations were sending out their sturdy brigades to change the very face of nature in the Soviet Land. It is a powerful and intensely dramatic story. Combined with Y. A. Yakovlev's *Red Villages* (International Publishers) and A. A. Heller's recent and excellent pamphlet, *The Decisive Year in the Soviet Union*, it is about all you need to understand the swift drive for mechanized collectivized farming in the Soviet Union during the last two or three years.

The main facts are, of course, becoming well-known—how, for example:

(1) In a single year "an agriculture of the Middle Ages" was "replaced by farms more advanced than those in America."

(2) More than one-half the peasantry has already gone into the collective farms and in the basic agricultural regions about three fourths of them.

(3) The ancient antagonisms between city and country are being erased and a most backward agricultural population being made over into advanced farm workers set free from hunger, superstition, illiteracy, dirt and disease.

(4) The large state farms with tractors produce four times as much per acre as peasants did by the old-fashioned farming methods.

(5) *Gigant*—one state farm—produced in 1930, 4,000,000 bushels of wheat, and sowed five times as much land as any farm ever known outside the Soviet Union.

(6) The output of farm implements by Russian plants is more than six times as great as pre-war.

Anna Strong makes all these amazing facts clear and understandable even to the most politically and economically illiterate American reader. She fills her tale with anecdotes and incidents that make the reader who has never read a book on Russia visualize the Soviet social forces in ferment. For this reason it would be a splendid volume to circulate among the mortgage-burdened American farmers. It would certainly help to swell the winds of agrarian revolt. It would encourage a certain amount of organized action against the American kulaks—the rural bankers and mortgage holders and the other exploiters of the American land workers. It would help to strengthen the fine work now being done by the United Farmers League.

And the American farmer who reads the book would see that collectivization *a la russe* not only increases product but increases

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by Victor Yakhontoff

A book essential to those studying the place of the U. S. S. R. in the complicated tangle which capitalistic nations have made of the problem of the Pacific.

Fully a third of the book is devoted to the Communist movement in China. The U.S.S.R., the author points out, is the one nation in the world not out to impose imperialistic exploitation on the dark masses of China. His contentions are backed by many important documents from the state archives in Moscow never before published in English.

Index—Maps.

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income and the standard of living of those who till the soil. And he would see that there is plenty of competition among the farmers of the Soviet Union, not the "rugged individualism" type but *socialist* competition, the most constructive and vital competition that has ever been discovered.

And the cruelly exploited and persecuted Negro tenant farmers and share croppers in the United States who read the book would see that the farmers with darker skins in the Soviet Union have an equal chance with the "pure" Russians. Witness the great strides Miss Strong describes among the Tartars, the Kazaks and the others, in a land where race discrimination has been wiped out.

Every one who reads the book will get the sense of a whole continent—one-fifth of earth's cultivated area—being virtually run as one farm, according to a plan hammered out in the experience of the farmers themselves. And some will realize also that such planning—as well as such planting and such harvesting—is impossible in the United States without a complete social and economic revolution that will end forever the rule of the Mellons, the Morgans and the Fords, and set up in its place a dictatorship of the workers in the factories and on the farms.

ROBERT DUNN

## Story of Soviet Children

*Vanya of the Streets*, by Ruth Epperson Kennell. Harper Bros. \$2.00.

Now, after fourteen years the world outside has an opportunity to learn the part played by war and famine in the lives of thousands of Russian children. In *Vanya of the Streets*, Ruth Kennell depicts the beginning and end of her hero's career as a waif and "besprizhorni." Vanya's father was killed in the war and the mother succumbs to the effects of hunger and hardships leaving her only surviving child to fend for himself. He meets with others in a similar plight and they in turn fall in with youngsters, who would probably have taken to the streets under any circumstances, in a spirit of adventure.

The story of how Vanya steals, because it seems the smart thing to do in emulation of the chief of his gang is well-told and the wild, hard life he and his companions lead is described vividly.

The story shows the result of the strenuous efforts that the Soviet authorities have been making all these years to reclaim these youngsters from vagrancy and induce them to abandon their anti-social mode of living. The more observant reader will gain insight into just how the Soviet Government is dealing with this problem, since the story is built on the facts observed by an author who lived in the Soviet Union not six days or six weeks, but six years. The story is charmingly told for children, but like all good books for juveniles grown-ups will read it with interest—and what is more—read between the lines.

MAY O'CALLAGHAN

## A Russian Poet in America

*Peonies Among Skyscrapers*, by Yackov Tarle. Spartacus Publishing House, Chicago. \$1.00.

Yackov Tarle is an American poet even though he expresses himself in Russian. He writes about the "Chaos of Chicago" with the intimacy of a Carl Sandburg, although here and there his poetry is somewhat colored with the revolutionary roar of Mayakovski.

He is primarily a poet for the motley mass of Russians who toil in the mills and stock-yards of Chicago and whose language is a peculiar mixture of English and Russian. Thus, like Mayakovski, when writing about America, Tarle too speaks to these American "foreigners" in their own language.

In his poems he quotes John Reed, Sandburg and Parsons in English. And at the end of the book there is a list of "Americanisms," explaining in Russian the meaning of subway, street faker, 14th Street, etc.

Tarle is remote from such better known poets as Bunin and Merezhkovski, who having been disillusioned by the "innocent children of Russia," fled to Paris to spit fire at "the monsters inspired by Satan." And now, outside of their limited milieu, with no "Cherry Orchards" to inspire them, they became merely shadows of their glorious past. Tarle is not an emigre. He is not restricted by artificial boundaries, because wherever he is, he draws his inspiration from the international revolutionary proletariat.

Tarle's revolutionary poems ought to be translated into English.

LEON DENNEN.

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# MOVIES

By Harry Alan Potamkin

## Eucalyptus Trees In Siberia

Boris Pilnyak went to Hollywood and returned perturbed by the "eucalyptus trees in Siberia." More serious matters than horticultural anomalies face us the coming months. Hollywood has become interested in Soviet Russia as subject-matter. Not that revolutionary Russia has not been treated before in the movie with all the impartiality for which Holy Hollywood is famous. Lasky, always in the vanguard of reaction, pulled off "The Last Command" some years ago. And the Fox den has been very engrossed in the affairs of the white guards, as "The Spy" attests. But these were only guerilla attacks, sporadic and with no follow-up. Now we have the war in earnest, according to reports from the general staff of the various studios. To build up just the right tremulous state in the audience, the advance rumors are being circulated that "the cycle of Soviet stories in the offing for studios is bumping into its first snag in the fear of certain writers and executives to become involved with the radical mob." Now, it may be that there are a few scribes on the coast with comparative consciences and relative pro-social instincts. They might have more sensitive nostrils and can smell a rat in a sewer. But the trade's explanation of the disinclination to join in the anti-Soviet racket is that the literary gangsters are suddenly motivated by the "fear that they might displease radical groups and run into trouble." The trouble that they might run into, one executive at a major studio went so far as to say, "this nitroglycerine thrown by this communistic crowd." Yet, in typical Hollywood courage, "several studios are going ahead with plans for Soviet pictures to cash in on the present interest in Russia." Well, they can have the help, I am sure, of such amenable cashers-in as Mother Eve Grady, Karl Kitchen, the gourmet of slop, and Ding Darling.

I don't need to tell you that American film studios are, like the *Literary Digest*, impartial. So, naturally, they "will stick to a middle course, laying off either praise or blame of the Soviet system." But if you've got to compromise, you've got to compromise in favor of some proposition. And Metro, "first to try the Soviet thing, plans to treat communism in its story as a religion," thus being impartial to both the Pope of Rome and the Archbishop of the Greek Catholic Church. One of the potential non-committal advisers is a Russian emigre not long over from Paris.

Metro's example has been followed by that eminent follower-up, Laemmle. Universal has bought a story called "Ural," by one "Nevin Brooke," "unofficially reported a fictitious name, the author said to be a woman, not wanting her connection with the story known. "Why not? if the story takes the "middle course." And now Columbia seeks a Soviet writer, probably one like George Agabekoff who has been impartially telling preposterous stories about the G. P. U. for the readers of the most ardent anti-Soviet sheet, *Le Matin*, which wrote its Russian policy a moment after the Bolshevik coup in 1917 in this laconic headline: "The coupons will be paid!" They weren't....

Paramount and Radio are thinking also of filming "modern Russia stories." And "other studios are reported working on such stories privately, the film companies not wanting their plans to get out until the picture is actually in the making to forestall any opposition." The mystery thickens! Nor must we think there is no sentiment of love in this passion for Soviet Russia. It is a nostalgic sentiment, for "Russia has always been a favorite locale for film dramas." The Grand Duke and the Comsomolska marry and one-sixth of the world goes back to the Bank of France. Real hot stuff! "Studios now feel that Russia is still an excellent spot in which to brew heavy plots"—strong tea and moonshine vodka. I submit gratis this nucleus for a picture:

It will tell of a certain relief administrator who halted the shipment of quinine to an epidemic-ridden country, because he was afraid the Reds might overrun America. For a happy ending the studio might invite Gene Tunney to write a denouement of Catholic conversion. The relief administrator falls in love with the daughter of the Czar, they find a miraculous ikon which holds back the revolutionary hordes while thousands of infants are slain by the

### "Can You Hear Their Voices"

A contemporary American drama by Hallie Flanagan and Margaret Ellen Clifford, based on a story by Whittaker Chambers, printed in New Masses will be produced by the Yiddish Workers Theatre,

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"cordon sanitaire." And then enters Father Edmund Walsh who, in the name of Pope Pius, takes over the property of the Greek Catholic Church, the United Synagogues, the Doukhobortsy, the Skoptsy and the Khlysty. "Chief difficulty to date has been to find writers who can concoct the Soviet yarns." The italics are of course, mine. It shouldn't be difficult to find people to "concoct" their white lies—in the interest, you know, of better understanding, between General Denikin and Andrew Mellon. There's Princess Kropotkin, who can advise also on proper manners; Count Ilya Tolstoi, who isn't at all interested in a culture which has paid more fruitful homage to the art of his father than the one from which he and his father sprang; and Rachmaninoff, who might write the prelude to the film intervention.

We have been told that timid writers fear communist bombs. Well, let us hope that these films will be greeted by demonstrations of workers contradicting the hypocrisies of Hollywood. Here's something for the Workers' Film and Photo League to prepare for! Just as these studios are working on their new field of malice, news also arrives that the steel trust will allow Universal to go on location in a foundry, if the film contains no reference to the labor-capital hyphen. Also, that John D. Sr. has undersigned the scenario of the film on his life, to be called by his Christian name. This is cinemapotheosis indeed! about the first film purporting, without change of identity, to be the life of a living man. There was, of course, a Pancho Villa movie years ago, but it made no pretense of being anything but makeshift. Mr. George Arliss, who looks as cadaverous as old John D., will play the role. Nothing, you don't need to be told, will be said about Ludlow.

# WORKERS ART

Reports and Discussion of  
Workers Cultural Activities

## NEW YORK — Worcorrs

I have been instructed at the last meeting of the Uj Elore Hungarian Workers Correspondent Group, to report to you the activities of our group.

We have 50 members who are more or less regularly writing or translating for the Uj Elore, our daily, for the Anti-fascista, and for the Sarlo' es Kalapacs, our monthly in Moscow. The members of the Hungarian Revolutionary Writers are members in block.

At the meetings which we hold twice monthly, there are 20-30 members present. After the report of the secretary and the various Committees, we call upon workers to give a report about their shops, unions, sick benefit organizations; they tell us what they saw on the street, what happened in the house where they live, and about many other, always very interesting happenings.

After they speak, there are questions to the speaker, then discussions; What was important in what they told? Which point must be brought to the forefront? Then we instruct the Comrade to write up his story. Usually it takes a good half hour to question one comrade, so that only two can be questioned at one meeting. Sometimes entirely "innocent" workers drop into our meetings, and they leave the room as "Worcorrs."

At our next meeting we will start a Worcorrs course, comrade Leitner of the Uj Elore, as instructor.

We also urge our members to take active part in all the campaigns of the Party, and write about their experiences. They do it.

New York, N. Y.

STEPHEN BALOGH, Secretary.

## DETROIT — Roumanian Workers Chorus

On the 5th of October, 1931, a Roumanian Workers Chorus was organized in Detroit, under the auspices of the Roumanian Workers Educational Association and the Roumanian Branches of the International Workers Order. At the time of organization, 29 signed up for the chorus. The number has until now increased to 40, and the progress so far is very good.

Almost fifty percent of the members are young workers and working girls, who are very enthusiastic about taking part in the workers' cultural activities.

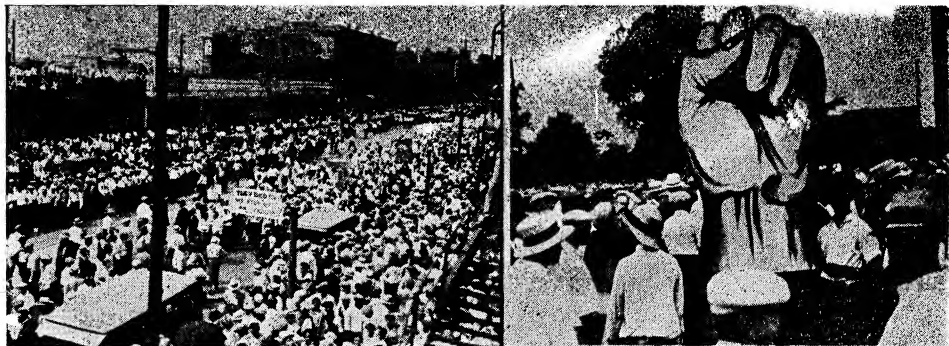
At present, though, the chorus is handicapped by the lack of revolutionary music, but this no doubt will be overcome in the near future. Still, if any readers of the New Masses have revolutionary music written in Roumanian, or know of anyone who has, and if it can be placed at the disposal of the Roumanian Workers Chorus, they may send this information to the chorus through the New Masses.

Detroit, Michigan

PETRU DEREU.

New Masses Club

About 60 workers and students attended the first meeting of the New Masses Club on Monday, November 2. Walt Carmon, managing editor presided. Louis Lozowick, William Groppe, Maurice Becker, Frances Strauss and Helen Rossi spoke. The next meeting will be held Monday, November 9, at 8:30, at the office of New Masses. All readers invited.



ABOVE — The Funeral of the 3 Negro workers, killed by Chicago police — and the John Reed Club poster in the August 1st Demonstration. BELOW — Chicago A. F. of L. misleaders in the "Labor Day" Parade.



Photos by the Chicago Workers Film & Photo League

## LOS ANGELES — Japanese Arts Group

The Japanese Proletarian Arts Group of Los Angeles has been in existence since January of this year.

We have now a membership of 45 and issue a small mimeographed monthly called *Proletarian Art*.

We are also working closely with the English speaking dramatic group The Rebel Players of Los Angeles, and wish to get into closer connection with the various John Reed Clubs and other workers cultural groups in the country.

Our main object is to strengthen the connection between the revolutionary cultural groups of Japan and the U. S. A. Because of the great force that it would be, we await impatiently the formation of the first National Federation of Workers Cultural Groups. We will do all that we can to aid it.

L. A. JAPANESE PROLETARIAN ARTS GROUP  
102½ No. Los Angeles St.  
Los Angeles, Calif.

### Rebel Players—

We have very recently presented a one-act play with three scenes, written by one of our members on the Criminal Syndicalism Law, called *California On Trial*. This was presented for the Repeal of the Criminal Syndicalism Law Conference. If any other groups are interested, we will send them a copy.

REBEL PLAYERS, Victor Cutler, Sec.  
2702 Brooklyn Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

## PHILADELPHIA—An Appeal

The Writers' Group of the John Reed Club of Philadelphia have decided to collect a library of proletarian literature to be discussed and analyzed at its meetings, and to serve as models or samples of proletarian writing.

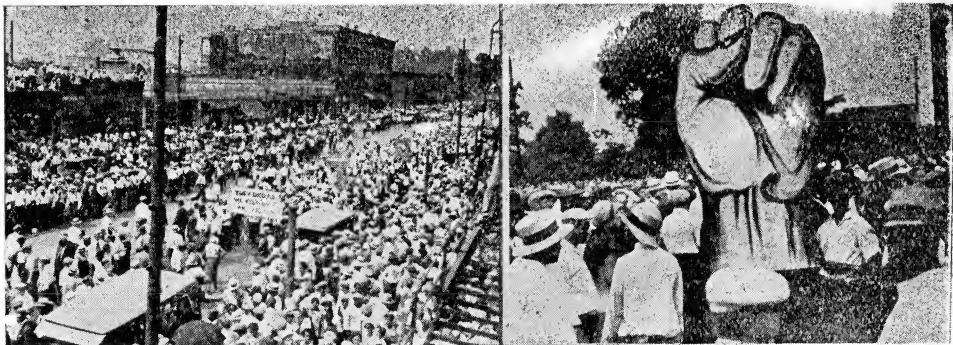
Because we have no money, we appeal to all authors and translators to contribute copies of their books. They can be sure of the comradely appreciation of our groups for having helped us in our work when most needed.

MORRIS GINN for the Secretary of the  
Writers' Group.



A 13 foot monument in Camp Kinderland, New York, designed by Phil Bard. Most of the construction work by Frank Schwartz, Age 14. Photo by Sam Magdoff.

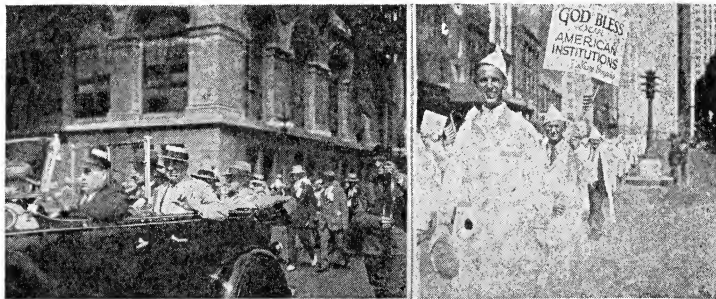
## NEW MASSES



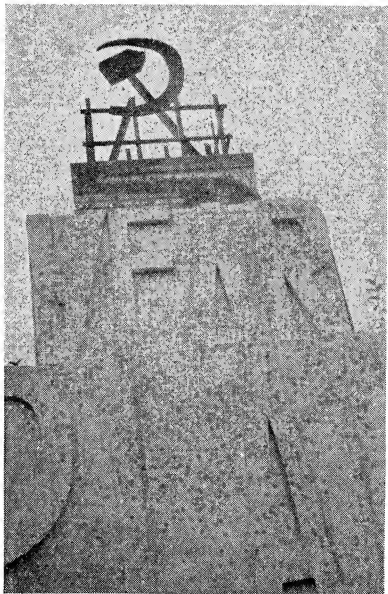
ABOVE — *The Funeral of the 3 Negro workers, killed by Chicago police — and the John Reed Club poster in the August 1st Demonstration.* BELOW — *Chicago A. F. of L. misleaders in the "Labor Day" Parade.*

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*Photos by the Chicago Workers Film & Photo League*



A 13 foot monument in Camp Kinderland, New York, designed by Phil Bard. Most of the construction work by Frank Schwartz, Age 14. Photo by Sam Magdoff.



## Workers Cultural Federation

The Workers Cultural Federation is gradually getting on the map. Since the very successful conference of June 14 many obstacles have stood in the way, but we are beginning to surmount them and have already made definite progress in three fields: dramatic, musical and anti-religious.

The Dramatic Section of the Federation has organized the Workers Dramatic Council, which unites the various groups in the Metropolitan Area. Connections are being formed throughout the country and eventually a national organization will be launched. The Dramatic Section has put on programs for various working-class events (including the August 1 demonstration) and is now at work on a mass pageant for the Nov. 7 celebration.

The Section participated directly in two of the major strikes of the past few months: Al Sachs, of the Workers Laboratory Theatre, was sent into the Pittsburg mine district at the outbreak of the strike, and Bernard Reines, of the same organization, was in Paterson throughout most of the silk strike, directing agitprop plays and arranging cultural programs.

The Music Section of the Federation has organized the Workers Music League, which has just published the words and music of two splendid revolutionary songs, *Comintern* and *Stand Guard* and will soon issue a song book.

The Anti-Religious Section has launched the Workers Anti-Religious League, the first organization of its kind in this country that unites workers of various nationalities on an outspoken class struggle platform. The league is holding Sunday afternoon forums and is furnishing speakers to workers' organizations.

Plans are now being made for the formation of an association of the proletarian writers in various languages.

The full, detailed report of the June 14 conference, which has been held up by technical and financial difficulties, is now completed and has been sent out to all groups represented at the conference. Organizations wishing copies should write to the Federation, 63 W. 15th St., New York City. The Workers Music League and the Workers Anti-Religious League can also be reached at the same address. The address of the Workers Dramatic Council is 799 Broadway, room 330, N. Y. C.

We ask the cooperation of all proletarian cultural organizations, students' clubs and other sympathetic groups in our work.

Secretariat, **WORKERS CULTURAL FEDERATION**,  
New York, N. Y.

## To All Writers, Artists

On January 1, 1932, beginning the fourth and last year of the Five Year Plan, the International Union of Revolutionary Writers will publish, in German and Russian, a one-day newspaper called *Capitalist Crisis and Socialist Construction*.

The I.U.R.W. appeals to all writers and artists for material: stories, novelettes, poems, revolutionary songs, drawings and photographs—giving a picture of these days of declining capitalism and socialism in construction.

All contributions should be sent by November 15, 1931 to the *International Union of Revolutionary Writers, Box 850, Moscow, U. S. S. R.*

## HOUSE-WARMING PARTY

Joint auspices Workers Cultural Federation, John Reed Club,  
New Masses



The New Cultural Center, at 63 West 15 St., will open officially on Saturday, November 14. It will be open all day to visitors. No Admission. In the evening, a Party will be held: 3 minute speeches by everybody, an art exhibit, puppet show, singing and dancing—even the stove will get hot. Admission 50 cents.

**Saturday, Nov. 14, 1931**

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**I**NTERNATIONAL proletarian and revolutionary literature is making rapid strides at the present time. For this reason, and in accordance with the decision of the second International Conference of Revolutionary Writers, the "Literature of the World Revolution" a magazine in four language editions, has been launched in Moscow. One of the basic tasks of the magazine is to cement relations between the revolutionary writers of all the world.

"Literature of the World Revolution" is the central organ of the International Union of Revolutionary Writers. It will devote special attention to all the theoretical problems of the proletarian literatures of all European countries and America and should in large measure assist this literature in those countries where it is still weak.

"Literature of the World Revolution" will give much space to the literature of the national republics in the Soviet Union and will introduce its readers to the best achievements of this literature. A special feature of the magazine is its international chronicle which reflects faithfully the cultural and literary life of the Soviet Union, thus counteracting the harmful influence of those campaigns of slander by which the bourgeois press endeavours to create sentiments hostile to the Soviet Union among its readers.

"Literature of the World Revolution" will publish the best works of the revolutionary and proletarian writers of all lands, also critical articles, political sketches and workers' correspondence. Much space will be given to reviews, written by competent critics, of books and other publications in all languages. An organ of militant thought, "Literature of the World Revolution" will turn the searchlight of Marxian teaching on all contemporary movements in thought and letters. It will enable its readers to keep abreast of the latest results of Marxian investigation in the field of literature and art.

"Literature of the World Revolution" will contain novels, short stories, essays, sketches, workers' correspondence and an exhaustive international chronicle.

Each issue of the "Literature of the World Revolution" contains from 128 to 160 pages. It is richly illustrated with photos and reproductions in colors, also cartoons and drawings by revolutionary artists.

Over and above the usual monthly issues a special number with 246 pages has already appeared. It consists of a report of the 2nd International Conference of Revolutionary Writers. All the resolutions adopted by the Conference as well as the reports and speeches by delegates from 23 countries are given in full.

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NEW MASSES BALL — DECEMBER 4

# To Writers of All Countries

The International Union of Revolutionary Writers has issued an appeal calling on the writers, artists and intellectuals of the entire world to protest against a new series of fascist persecutions of proletarian writers in a number of countries. The appeal declares that "today it is necessary to mobilize public opinion not against some isolated case of persecution of a writer, but rather against the whole system of persecutions of revolutionary writers in capitalist and colonial countries."

In China, the appeal points out, revolutionary writers are being put to death by the Chiang Kai-shek government. In Palestine, Egypt, Indo-China and India their position "is not a whit better." Throughout Europe repressions against writers, as part of the intensified attacks on the working masses, are on the increase. In Poland "the flower of the working class, peasantry and the intellectuals, not Poles alone, but Ukrainians, White Russians and Jews... whose only crime is that they fight for a new world order, that they struggle against capitalism, fascism and the danger of a new imperialist war, that they have taken up the cudgels on behalf of the first socialist government, are threatened with physical extermination."

The appeal cites the case of the Polish

proletarian writers, Broniewski, Wer, Hempel and Stawer, who "were thrown into prison for having dared to protest in an open letter against the brutal torturing of political prisoners." In Esthonia Johann Lauristin, editor of the *Young Communist*, after completing a term of eight years, has again been thrown into jail. Among the hundreds of political prisoners in Finland there are the seven writers: Otto Oinonen, Rudolf Parvisinen, Arnel Eikkio, Kaarlo Vaalli, Tatu Vaarainen, Anti Timonen and Anni Suonio, who were imprisoned for opposing the preparations for war against Soviet Russia.

The John Reed Club, the American section of the International Union of Revolutionary Writers, wholeheartedly endorses this appeal. The governments of China, Poland, Finland and Esthonia are being kept alive by blood transfusions from American and French banks. The hand of American imperialism, which reaches into every part of the globe, is helping to jail and torture thousands of workers, peasants and revolutionary intellectuals. Today this attack is levelled at the writers of other countries; tomorrow it may come here. The shooting of Bruce Crawford and Boris Israel in Harlan shows that American capital, too, uses violence against writers who attempt to report instances of class terror. We call upon all writers, artists, scientists, educators and all other intellectual workers, whatever their political allegiance, to join in protesting against this brutal terror and the growing suppression of all freedom of speech and the press. Send your protests to the *John Reed Club*, 63 W. 15th St., New York City.

## JOHN REED CLUB.

Leon Dennen—has contributed to *New Masses* *Hound & Horn*, and other publications.

Hugo Gellert—known to readers of the old *Masses* and *Liberator* as well as *New Masses*, contributes again from his forthcoming book of text and drawings based on *Capital* by Karl Marx.

Hyman Rosen—of Baltimore, Md., makes his first contribution to *New Masses* in this issue.

Joseph North—is editor of the *Labor Defender*, contributor to many publications.

William Gropper—staff artist on the N. Y. *Freiheit*, contributes regularly to all of the revolutionary press.

A. B. Magil—is on the secretariat of the Workers Cultural Federation.

Langston Hughes—contributing editor to *New Masses*, has written "A Revolutionary Ad for the Waldorf Astoria," to appear in the December issue.

Herb Kruckman—made his first appearance in the group of *New Masses* artists during this year.



Walter Steinhilber—writes of himself: "Born 1897. Lived and worked all my life in New York City, except a couple years on the road as gandy-dancer, harvest and cowhand. Father helped organize the Socialist Party. I helped to wreck it. First art recognition: Portrait of Gene Debs that went on auction to raise funds for the Ludlow Strikers. Little education, art or otherwise. Last 15 years: business of earning an existence by my commercial 'art' for a wife and 3 kids." Home: Woodstock, N. Y.

## In This Issue

Joshua Kunitz—well known writer and lecturer, and Louis Lozowick, art editor of *New Masses*, were members of an international literary "shock brigade" that recently made a six weeks airplane trip to Tadjikistan, newest Soviet Republic on the border of Asia.

Phil Bard—who designed the cover for this issue, is one of the instructors in the John Reed Club Art School, author of the story in pictures, *No Jobs Today*.

John Dos Passos—contributes to this issue from his latest book, 1919, to appear in February.

Hugh R. Collins—young artist of Washington, D. C., makes his first appearance in *New Masses*.

Jerome T. Cutting—of Newtonville, Mass., also making his first appearance, writes: "Age, 27, teaching English with sociological emphasis, literary free-lance, author of a volume of poems, *Ten Point*."

### STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST, 24, 1912.

Of New Masses, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1931.

State of New York: County of New York.

Before me, a Notary in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Frances Strauss, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of the New Masses, and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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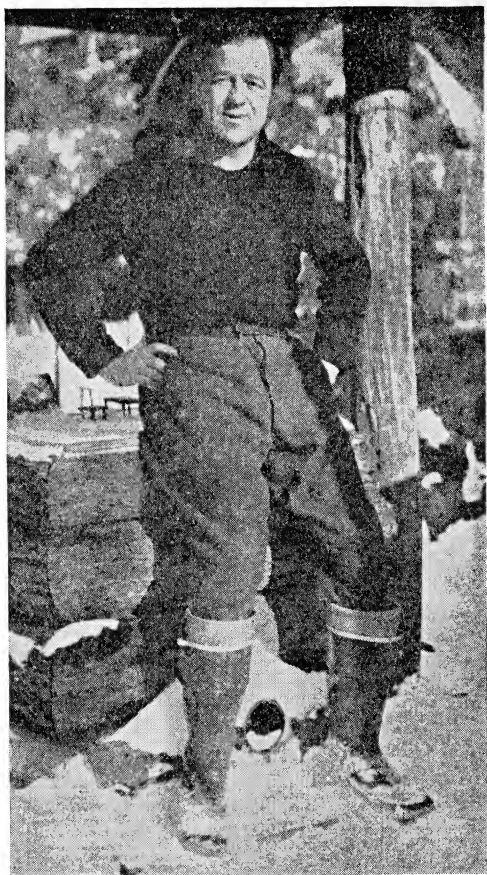
2. That the owner is: The American Fund for Public Service, 2 West 13 St., N. Y. C. James Weldon Johnson, Pres., 2 West 13 St., New York City; Robert W. Dunn, Sec'y, 2 West 13 St., N. Y. C.; Morris L. Ernst, Treas., 2 West 13 St., New York City.

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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 13th day of October, 1931.

FRANCES STRAUSS, Business Manager.  
Peter K. Hawley, Notary Public  
(My commission expires March 30, 1933)



*Walter Steinhilber*—writes of himself: "Born 1897. Lived and worked all my life in New York City, except a couple years on the road as gandy-dancer, harvest and cow-hand. Father helped organize the Socialist Party. I helped to wreck it. First art recognition: Portrait of Gene Debs that went on auction to raise funds for the Ludlow Strikers. Little education, art or otherwise. Last 15 years: business of earning an existence by my commercial 'art' for a wife and 3 kids." Home: Woodstock, N. Y.



JOSEPH STALIN

Liston Oak

## COMMUNISM

The following is a list of selected books and pamphlets on Communist theory and practice:

*Fundamentals of Communism*—A Handbook, 10c; *Principles of Communism*, by Frederick Engels, 10c; *The Communist Manifesto*, by Marx & Engels, 10c; *Wage Labor & Capital*, by Karl Marx, 10c; *Shop Talks On Economics*, by Mary Marcy, 10c; *The Teachings of Karl Marx*, by V. I. Lenin, 15c; *Socialism & War*, by V. I. Lenin & Gregory Zinoviev, 15c; *War & The Second International*, by V. I. Lenin, 20c; *Socialism—Utopian & Scientific*, by Frederick Engels, 25c; *Civil War In France*, by Karl Marx, 25c; *"Left" Communism—An Infantile Disorder*, by V. I. Lenin, 25c; *Revolutionary Lessons*, by V. I. Lenin, 25c; *What Is To Be Done*, by V. I. Lenin, 50c; *The Origin of the Family Private Property & the State*, by Frederick Engels, 60c; *Essentials of Marx* (one volume containing *Communist Manifesto*, *Value Price & Profit* and *Wage Labor & Capital*, (cloth bound), 75c; *Imperialism and State & Revolution* (both in one volume, cloth bound), 75c; *Preparing For Revolt*, by V. I. Lenin, 75c.

## ON SOVIET RUSSIA

February, 1917—A Chronicle of the Russian Revolution, by Aleksei Tarasov-Rodionov, \$3.75; *History of Russia*, by Prof. M. N. Pokrovsky, \$2.50; *Russia & The Soviet Union In The Far East*, by Victor A. Yakovlev, \$5.00; *Red Villages—The Five Year Plan In Agriculture*, by Y. A. Yakovlev, \$1.50; *The Soviets Conquer Wheat*, by Anna Louise Strong, \$2.50; *Red Bread*, by Maurice Hindus, \$3.50; *New Russia's Primer*, by M. Ilin, \$1.75; *The Success of of The Five Year Plan* by V. M. Molotov, \$1.00; *The Five Year Plan of the Soviet Union*, by G. T. Grinko, \$2.00; *Voices of October—Art and Literature in Soviet Russia*—by Joseph Freeman, Louis Lozowick and Joshua Kunitz, \$4.00.

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